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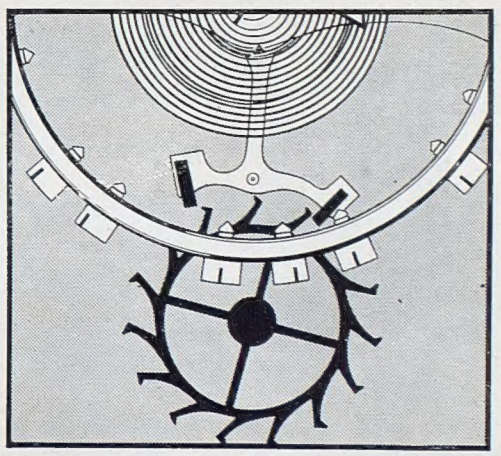

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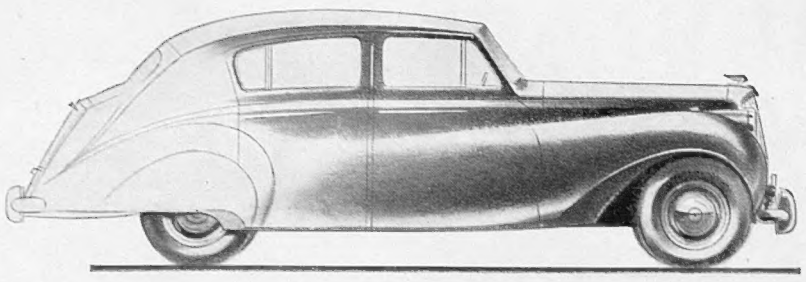

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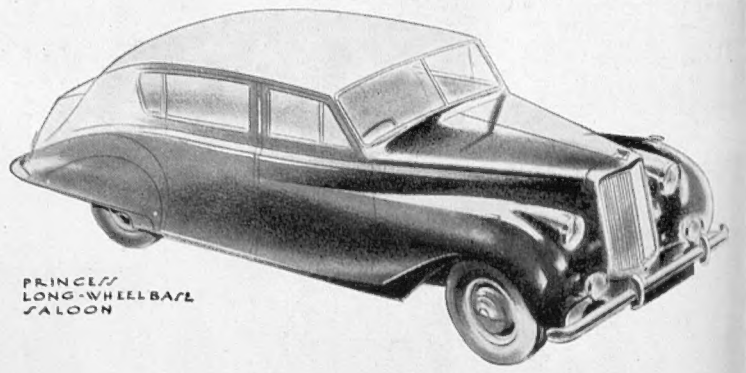

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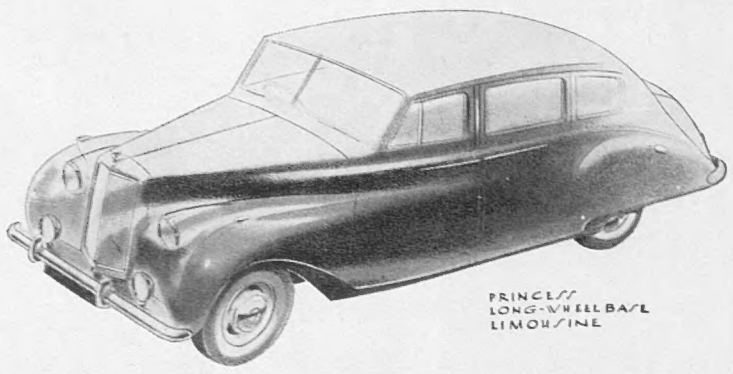

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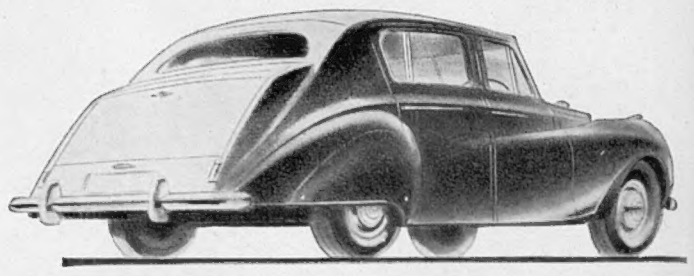

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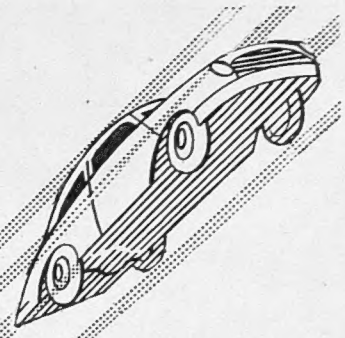

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Volume CCXXI No. 2878 The SPHERE, London, April 9, 1955

The SPHERE

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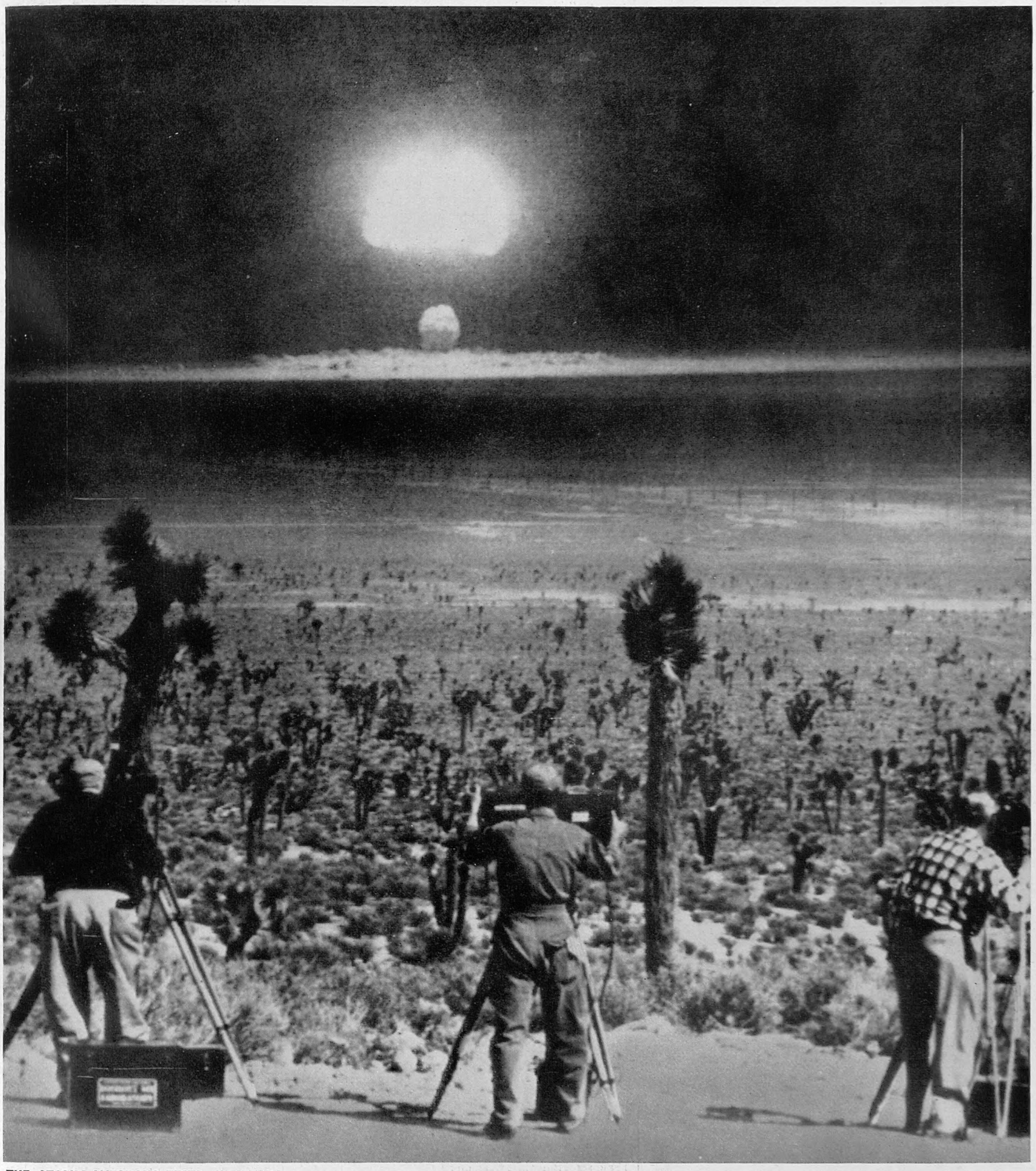

THE ATOMIC WEAPONS TESTS IN NEVADA—A SMALL NUCLEAR DEVICE DROPPED BY AN AIRCRAFT EXPLODES 2,000 FT. ABOVE THE DESERT : Photographers ten miles away watch the typical mushroom cloud rise after a B-36 bomber had dropped this nuclear missile over Yucca Flats, Nevada. This was the ninth of the current series of atomic weapons tests in America. For the first time British and other N.A.T.O. power observers are being allowed to see some of the tests.

The explosion seen above came only five hours after another nuclear device had been detonated from a 500-ft. tower. This was the first time in the five-year history of the Nevada tests that two explosions have been touched off on the same day, and is some measure of the progress which American scientists have made in nuclear research. The projectile was dropped by a bomber flying at the comparatively low altitude of 15,000 ft., and it exploded some 2,000 ft. above the Nevada Desert. The current series of atomic weapons tests in the United States are of special importance in view of the fact that, for the first time, observers from Britain, Canada, and other N.A.T.O. powers are being permitted to watch some of the tests. The British observers are led by Sir William Penney. The official announcement inviting the observers actually stated that they would be permitted to witness "an atomic explosion," and it is by no means clear how much they will be able to see. America's attitude towards foreign observers is governed by the Atomic Energy (McMahon) Act which, even in its present amended form, permits only very limited disclosures to her allies.

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MR. BEVAN IS WARNED

THE MEMBER FOR EBBW VALE AT THE LABOUR PARTY'S SUB-COMMITTEE : He is arriving at Transport House to meet the Special Sub-Committee of the National Executive. After hearing him, the Committee reported to the National Executive, which came to a three-point decision. It was satisfied the decision of the Parliamentary Party to withdraw the whip from Mr. Bevan was "fully justified"; noted the assurances given by him, but warned it would "take drastic action against future violations of Party discipline"; and hoped the movement would unite in a determined endeavour to win the next General Election.

LABOUR'S LEADER AND THE PARTY CHAIRMAN : Mr. Attlee and Dr. Edith Summerskill on their way to the Sub-Committee at Transport House. Mr. Bevan assured his leader of his loyalty and was "sincerely sorry for any pain I may have caused him."

GERMAN DEFENCE CHIEF IN LONDON

HERR THEODORE BLANK AT THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE : The Federal German Defence Commissioner (on left) talks with Mr. Macmillan, the Minister of Defence, at the start of his eight-day visit to London. He was to have conversations with the War Office, the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Supply, and inspect military installations. Herr Blank is almost certain to become West Germany's Defence Minister. Before leaving Bonn he had created a sensation by dismissing Colonel von Bonin, the head of his military planning division, for allegedly having tried to enlist support from outside Herr Blank's office for certain plans which had been rejected.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

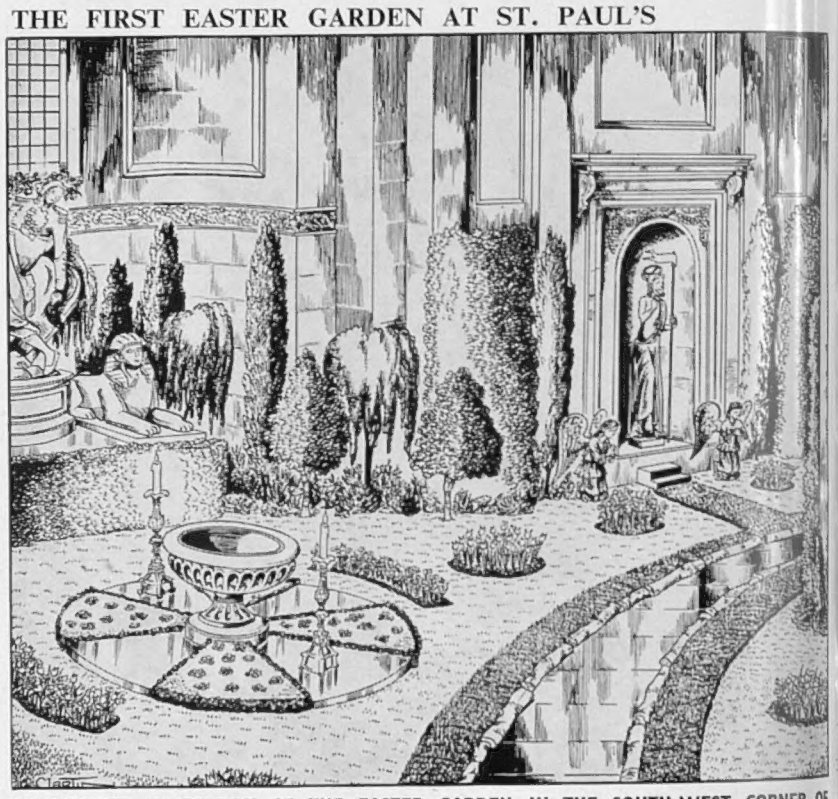
Easter.—Let it be Easter and not north-easter. It was a lovely Easter day last year (April 18), warm in the shade, hot in the sun, and the young visitors launched out in a rubber dinghy on a piece of water. In 1953 (April 5) it was hail, rain and gale and a backward spring, and there was little colour to be seen in Lord Horder's usually colourful garden. The coming Easter is still unsure. Will it be a garden and "God-wotting" idyll, a boating holiday, or a fireside affair? Will 5,000 sea-going cars pass a given point in an hour or merely 1,000? Will the holidaymakers set fire to our surviving commons or visit the British Museum? It 's all on the knees of the gods, and the gods are oysters; if, indeed, oysters have knees. But, whatever the weather, Easter is a religious festival and a holiday which we most of us value for the eternal hope it brings us of better things, soon and late. The new page we turned over on January 1 may be sullied or blank. We turn over another and, hoping against hope, promise ourselves that it shall count some sunny hours and some "business done," and record the minimum of dinginess. Hope, even on the eve of a new Budget, is not taxed, and with all our depressions we still believe it is darkest before the dawn. If it be so, the dawn must be breaking.

The Printed and the Spoken Word.—A journalist who comments on the news of the day is the first to recognise the effect of a newspaper strike and to acknowledge how much he owes to other newspapers. A cool, impartial and factual news-bulletin, such as the B.B.C. provides, is admirable, and we often say how much we wish that the sensational Press would take a leaf from its book. But in truth how few of us mean it! There is no doubt at all that the journalist gets his copy less from the "straight" news than from the commentary and embroidery woven out of it. And, as certainly, it is the embroidery, reasonable or extravagant, which provides the average reader with his gambits of conversation. (Which is, of course, why so few people, "disgusted" with malicious, salacious or impertinent gossip, ever dream of putting an end to it by withholding their pence.) No doubt at all, a newspaper strike brings home to us how blind, deaf and dumb we should all become in the absence of the printed word. What headaches such a strike must cause to editors! I know very little about the workings and organisation of Fleet Street, but obviously a national newspaper is designed as an historical, continuous record of events, without a break, and if for two or three days no newspapers appear, the editors must sigh for their lost days. "Give us back our seven days." For the planning must be prepared for days ahead. Monday: ventilate the H-bomb. Tuesday: settle Bevan's hash. Wednesday: decide the Premier's future, and so on. And Thursday: find space for *Pro bono publico's* letter on income-tax anomalies. Friday: print *Rusticus'* letter on birds nesting. Think also of the birth, marriage and death columns and the advertisement pages and book reviews. Are all these pearls lost to us, or are they cut and doubled-up when the trouble is over? And will the historians of the future leave a blank page when they write their chapter in 1955, for even historians can't afford to be purely factual or, indeed, strictly impartial—if they are to be read. Cambridge won the Boat Race by sixteen lengths. That is news as dull and arid as, for once, was the televised race.

Who Is Now the Gentleman?—I said something last week on a subject of which I know so little that my reflections are perhaps best left in my mind. Yet there must be many thousands much better informed than I who have wondered when we shall have a Government strong enough to accept larger responsibility than it possesses, or assumes, to-day for bringing together as a national emergency all the interests responsible for making, conceding or refusing wage claims, and for thrashing out, or setting-up a commission to thrash out, a totally new *national* wage-structure. It *is* a national emergency. If we are to survive economically, we must cut our prices and increase our overseas markets; therefore there must be a ceiling set to wage claims. And it is clearly impossible to go on longer conceding at the pistol point to one industry wages utterly impossible in another which may yet be as vital or even more vital to our economy. Pertinent as is the question of the cost of living, it clearly is not so pertinent as divergence of wage rates among industries judged to be of prime importance, such as food production and engineering; nor, indeed, so important as a new ranking of the "social position" deemed fitting (and the cost of maintaining that position) of workers in industries accepted as vital. We stand aghast to learn that workers in a certain section of a trade can suddenly see reason in a demand for an immediate rise. We cannot assume that for years they have been grossly sweated, or that they acknowledge no limit to what they can demand by reason of the monopoly value of their labour. Either alternative is unthinkable. The latter is intolerable. It does indeed seem extraordinary that all recent efforts to correct the grievance expressed in the old rhyme: "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" have only resulted in its bitter applicability to new interests and classes. For we have more than a suspicion that a prime urge for still higher pay is that same rivalry in the race for "social prestige" (as shown in the possession of expensive gadgets), which was so deplored among the Edwardian go-getters. And every gain by one section inevitably induces discontent in another. One other consideration is perhaps timely before a Budget day. To what extent does the present incidence of income-tax on workers in receipt of a gross £800 to £1,000 a year lend impetus to this now dangerously vicious spiral? More, perhaps, than the cost of living.

Lloyd George.—The House has decreed a memorial to Lloyd George in the precincts of the Palace of Westminster or Parliament Square. It is ten years since he died, the earliest date on which by custom and rule such a decision can be taken, though I note that that custom is not applicable to Royal personages. It is a reasonable time, no doubt. Merit cannot be assessed, nor the whole truth known, for much longer. A century and a half has been needed rightly to assess the character of Duchess Georgiana. In the last ten years men have worked overtime to upset or establish on a pinnacle Lloyd George, and the work is not yet done. But Lloyd George's memorial will stand beside Lords Oxford and Harcourt and Joe Chamberlain, and no one living will deny him a right to be among those three, though some may ask why those particular three out of several aspirants furnish the niches. Lloyd George will stand in due course beside his old master, friend and, latterly, not so warm a friend; and we shall remember Macaulay on "another place" in Westminster, which, unlike the Houses of Parliament, is a "temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried." But, as in the Abbey, so in the precincts, enmities will lie buried and some of those whose minds and bodies, and even reputations, were shattered by contentions, will stand shoulder to shoulder, even

THE FIRST EASTER GARDEN AT ST. PAUL'S



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE EASTER GARDEN IN THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE CATHEDRAL'S SOUTH TRANSEPT : The area of 950 sq. ft. is cut off from the rest of the Cathedral by a tall cupressus hedge. The pavement is covered with turf, peat and mould, in which spring flowers and shrubs are planted against a background of tall cupressus trees, groups of silver birch and weeping willow. When the garden is opened to-day, Saturday, visitors will see a figure of the Risen Christ (by Charles Wheeler, R.A.)—a plaster cast of the original bronze for the war memorial of the Manchester firm of James Watts—placed in a niche giving the impression of Christ rising from the tomb. At the entrance are kneeling angels (sixteenth-century wood carvings), loaned by a London antique dealer. On Easter Day a procession of clergy and choir will move through the Garden, and there will be a pause for prayer at the Font. Collections taken at the Garden (which is open until April 30) will be given to the Cathedral's Restoration Fund.

though a better-informed posterity may wonder why some of them are there, and others not. It may well be that Mr. Bevan may one day, passing by, echo that :—" *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*" In any case, we can all allocate another niche in the course of time, still, we hope, distant.

The Real Thing.—In a very few years now, when the T.V. screen is larger and coloured, we shall know the answer to a (recreationally) vital question : Will T.V. kill or decimate attendance at sporting events ? If it does so, it will be a vicious circle indeed, for T.V. will kill the things on which much of its appeal depends. If the crowds watch the Boat Race from their firesides (and, for my part, I seldom make even *that* concession to a race which gives me no thrill but that of admiration for the guts of eighteen young men), no doubt the race, being for a crown of laurel only, will still take place. But what about the commercial " shows "—cup finals and such—which depend on gate money, and especially all shows which take place in wintry weather ? The Grand National, for instance. This is a race I would always go as far as the nearest T.V. set to watch. A big steeplechase is admirably fitted for T.V. photography and, if it includes a slow-motion interlude, my excitement and interest are doubled, and it is better than the real thing. The *National* is not televised because the course authorities obviously fear, even to-day, a diminished gate and, for my part, I think their fears would be justified, at least as regards the half-hearted racegoers who like excitement but dislike noise, queues and long, laborious days of travel. Nothing, of course, will keep the racing enthusiasts from the course. For them the sights, sounds and smells of the enclosures, the thunder of hooves, the bookies' raucous cries, and all the concomitants of a racecourse, are life—and Heaven, too. But I am not quite so sure about football fans and feel pretty sure that in a few years T.V. will saw through some of the branches which support it.

The Highway Code—and Deafness.—I have studied the new code. It is certainly a great improvement on the old. It *has* adopted the Gowers ideal, cuts out gobbledegook and addresses all road users impartially and as man to man. I hope it may do good. A " gentleman's agreement " is sometimes more binding than a treaty of pains and penalties—*among gentlemen*. I took special note of the *Remembers* before the Minister's preface. " *Old people* may react slowly. Give them great consideration." It so happened that on the day I read the code, I had been rendered *totally* deaf in a process to relieve my normal deafness. It is a curious experience and one which I shall not regret, if it does not continue. I understand now at last the complete isolation of the totally deaf. They *glide* through the busy world of men as on an elevated, sound-proof railway. A totally deaf man is liable to constant shocks. He cannot hear a door opening or footsteps, and he is startled by a sudden presence. There is one curious compensation which may be temporary only. Silence can be sweet ; a totally deaf man driving a car has the sensation of a bird in flight, effortless motion. (Note : if he drive, he breaks the road-code.) I had very early proof of the dangers to a deaf man if he walks the roads. I took a walk along my country lane before I had fully realised the extent of my affliction, and within two minutes I had been grazed on the elbow by a car coming up behind me into which I had swerved. Up to then, in country walks, at any rate, I had totally relied on *hearing* the approach of an overtaking car. I wonder what proportion of accidents to walkers is due to this cause ? It must be high. I had such instant proof of the danger. One cannot, until practised in the technique of deafness, be forever looking behind one in a ramble. I was a certain victim that day and could not in fairness have blamed the car driver who was travelling at moderate speed.

Looking Ahead.—When the strike is over, the Easter holidays past and the local point-to-point a memory of amply-breeched girls cursing their way to victory, at least we shall not sink back to mere, dull business routine. It looks as if in the matter of news and commentary, the editors and their readers will make up on the swings of events what they have lost on the roundabouts of the strike. There are thrilling items ahead : a change of pilot with Cabinet changes, hints of a General Election, the Budget, a nearer approach to a top-level conference on world settlement and freedom from fear, the Labour Party's new look ; for the frivolous, the season and its fixtures ; for the sportsmen, racing and the return of the Ashes, football melting gloriously into cricket ; not to speak of all those matters, not worth a headline, which blossom forth when at last the wind shifts from off an ice-pack, such as white sails in the Solent, and cuckoos and hawthorn in the hedgerows.

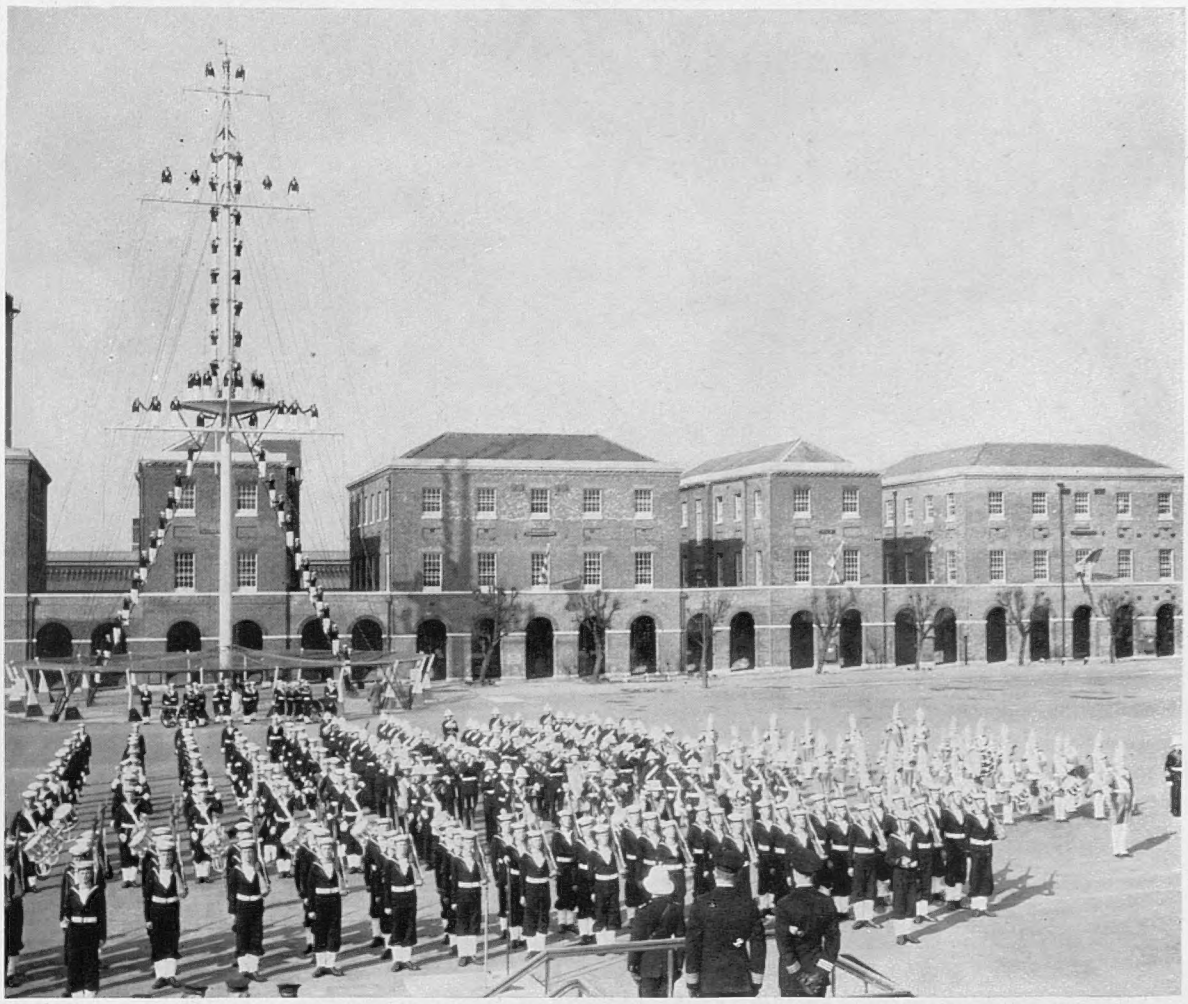
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE HIMALAYA
1954–55

HUGH MERRICK Comments on Prospects for the Coming Himalaya Season and Describes Last Year's Expeditions. Illustrated with Photographs and Special " Sphere " Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

" BEATING RETREAT " IN MODERN AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRESS



250 BOYS FROM NAVAL AND MARINE TRAINING ESTABLISHMENTS TAKE PART IN THE CEREMONY AT THE BOYS' TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT, H.M.S. " ST. VINCENT," AT GOSPORT, HAMPSHIRE : A general view as " Beating Retreat " was performed in both modern and eighteenth-century uniform. The boys on the mast are wearing white duck trousers.

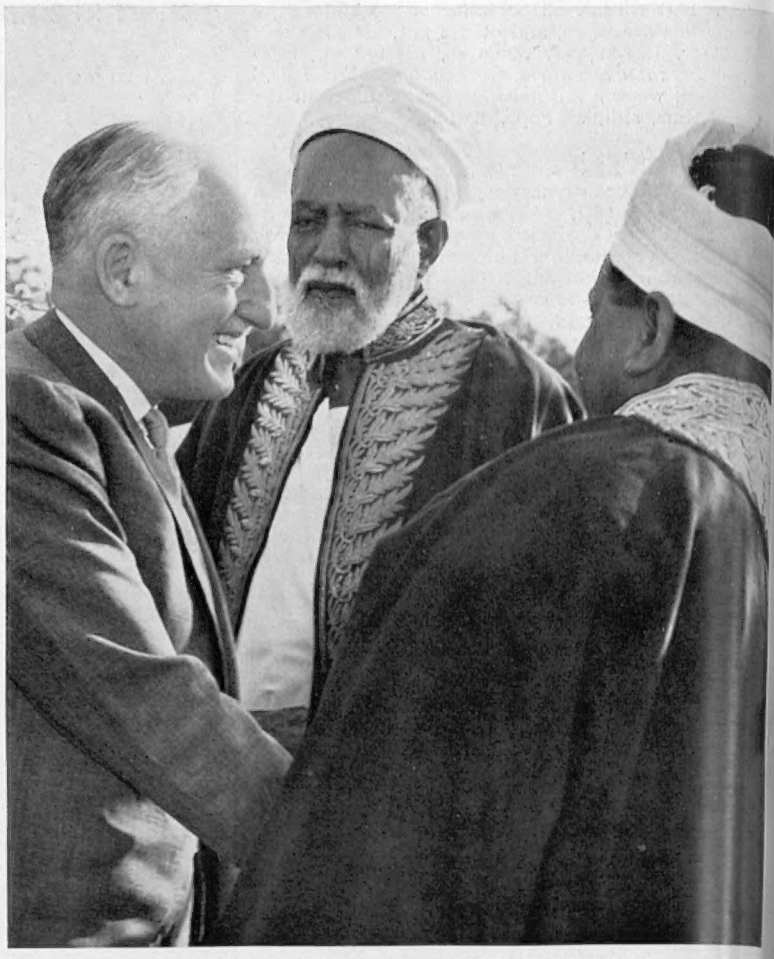
In its modern conception the ceremony of Beating Retreat, which originated as the signal for troops and civilians to retire behind fortifications for the night, provides a moving military spectacle. At H.M.S. *St. Vincent* last week, it was performed in modern and eighteenth-century uniform with more than 250 boys from Naval and Marine Training Establishments taking part in the ceremony. The uniform worn by some of the boys was a replica of that of a Royal Marine of the reign of King George II. Made by the womenfolk of the training staff and personnel of the Establishment, it consisted of a scarlet coat with white facings and cuffs and blue braid, and with the initials " G.R." embossed in gold. The red trousers were worn with white knee-length leggings. Boys of H.M.S. *St. Vincent* provided the guard, field-gun crew and part of the bugle band ; sixty others manned the mast as a finale to the ceremony. Also taking part were the Royal Marines band of the Portsmouth Command ; the boys' band of the Royal Marines School of Music, at Deal, and the Royal Marines Volunteer Cadet Corps fife band from the Royal Marines Barracks at Eastney. One performance of the ceremony was watched by about 3,000 school-children, and another by naval personnel and civic authorities.

MARCHING IN THEIR EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY UNIFORMS : The boys, dressed in the replica of the uniform of a Royal Marine in the middle of the eighteenth century, are seen passing a figurehead of Admiral St. Vincent. Most of the boys who took part in the ceremony of Beating Retreat, were aged between fifteen and sixteen-and-a-half.

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S NEWS

A COMMENTARY ON EVENTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST, ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT, AND INDO-CHINA

EGYPTIAN TROOPS TAKE ON THE DEFENCE OF THE SUEZ CANAL : A long convoy of tanks is seen arriving at Shalloufa, the first military base which was taken over by Egyptian forces from British troops. The week before, the Egyptian Prime Minister, Lieut.-Colonel Nasser, had participated in the handing-over ceremonies. *On right*—General Aly Amer, Commander of the Egyptian Army's Eastern Command, is seen at his headquarters in Ismailia. Eastern Command is responsible for the Egyptian troops in Suez Canal bases. General Aly Amer becomes the first Egyptian to be in command of the force responsible for the defence of the Suez Canal. British technicians, however, will still be responsible for the maintenance of the bases.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN THE SUDAN ARRIVES IN KHARTOUM : Sir Alexande Knox Helm is greeted, on his arrival at Khartoum Station, by the Grand Kad Sheikh Hassan el Muddathir, who is head of the Islamic Faith in the Suda Sir Knox Helm, accompanied by his wife, had travelled to the Sudanese capit from Cairo, where he had a talk with the Egyptian Prime Minister. In Khartou he was greeted by the Sudanese Prime Minister, Sayed Ismail el Azhari, a members of the Government. The new Governor-General of the Sudan succee Sir Robert Howe, who has retired after holding the post for nearly eight yea

THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF BRITAIN'S NEW DEFENCE PARTNER IN THE MIDDLE EAST : Work is in progress on the Sariyer dam and power station, west of Ankara. It is one of seven new industrial installations being constructed in Turkey at a total cost of over £100,000,000. Turkey is at present devoting a quarter of her budget to its vast industrial development programme. It was announced last week that Britain is to adhere to the pact of mutual co-operation between Turkey and Iraq which was signed last February. This pact, which was strongly opposed by Egypt, provides for co-operation between the two countries on matters of security and defence. Britain thus associates herself with those sections of the pact, but it was made quite clear that she did not associate herself with the views of the two Middle East Powers on Palestine. At the same time, a special agreement between Britain and Iraq, setting out arrangements for mutual defence, will be concluded. This will terminate the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of Alliance, which came into force in 1932, and which would have expired in any case next year. The new agreement provides for the withdrawal of British forces from Iraq, most of them at R.A.F. bases, in three stages, beginning next month and ending in March 1956.

IN THE LAND OF THE EARTHQUAKES : A priest holding an ikon amid the ruins of church at Vartholomion, in the Peloponnese peninsula of Greece. Once a this part of the Eastern Mediterranean was rocked by heavy earth tremo Thousands of miles to the east, in the Philippines, more than 350 pe were reported to have been killed in earthquakes on the island of Mindo

THE BEGINNINGS OF LONDON'S COMMERCIAL TELEVISION STATION: The early stages of the work on the site of the Independent Television Authority's station for London and the Home Counties. It is situated at Beulah Heights, Upper Norwood, in South-East London. The I.T.A., which has overall charge of the arrangements for Commercial Television in London, Manchester and Birmingham, intends to erect a 200-ft. tower for the station.

FRENCH WINE-GROWERS BARRICADE ROADS: At Béziers, in the Department of Hérault, Southern France, local wine-growers demonstrate behind obstacles they have placed at the entrance to the town. In the background is the cathedral. The purpose of the barricades was to protest against the alleged failure of the Government to maintain high wine prices. Similar demonstrations, with barricades of wooden carts, felled trees and telegraph poles, occurred in other places in wine-growing districts of Southern France.

CRISIS IN INDO-CHINA: A guide to Laotian Communist-led guerillas being taken to an aircraft after his capture. Royal Laotian troops had surprised the guerillas in a skirmish near Boun Neua. *Below, left*—The Viet Namese Prime Minister, Ngo Dinh Diem, appeals in Saigon to the private armies of the different sects in South Viet Nam to unite in a single State force. Some of the armies did in fact unite—but only to make a mortar attack on the Premier's official residence. At the same time, two other attacks were launched in Saigon on Police and National Army headquarters. Twenty-six people were killed and 112 injured. The attacks followed the recent alliance between the Binh Xuyen Society and the religious Hoa Hao and Cao Dai. But on the day after the attacks the Cao Dai sect broke with the united front against the Government, and placed its army of 35,000 at the disposal of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. The troops in Saigon then prepared to withstand a siege from the remaining private armies.

RESTORING ANCIENT ROME: *Above*—Scaffolding surrounds the Triumphal Arch of Constantine (in the centre), on which the Italian Department for Roman Monuments has recently started restoration work. On the left is the Colosseum, which is also being restored. The Arch was built in A.D. 312. Behind it rises the vast white modern building of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organisation. *On right*—Statuary is cleaned on the Arch, which commemorates Constantine's victory over Maxentius, his rival for the Empire.

A NEWS REVIEW

(Continued)

EVENTS LAST WEEK ON LAND AND SEA

HELPING HANDS FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : Prince Philip is seen as he prepares to leave the aircraft-carrier *Albion* by jackstay for the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, during his visit to the Home Fleet. The Duke was on his way home from the Mediterranean. Arriving at Portsmouth in the *Britannia* last Friday, Prince Philip gave a luncheon party on board before leaving for Windsor by helicopter to rejoin the Queen. The Duke had been in the Mediterranean since March 8.

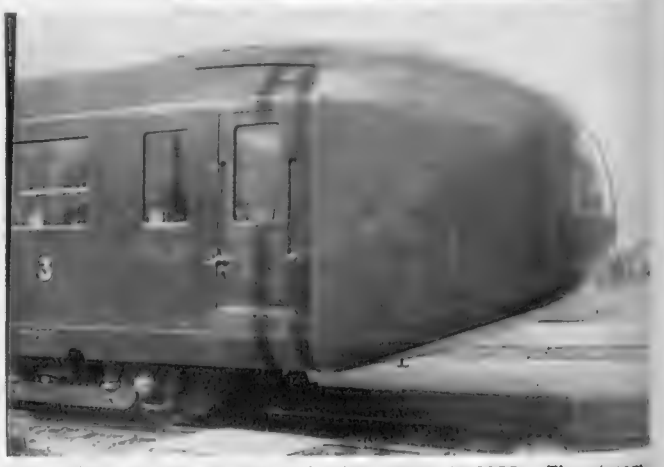
ON THE WAY BACK TO "BRITANNIA" : The Duke of Edinburgh seems quite accustomed to this somewhat precarious means of transport. It has now been announced that another cruise in the *Britannia* has been arranged. In the autumn, the Duke will go to Copenhagen in the Royal Yacht and visit the Federation of British Industries Fair while he is in the city.

On left—

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE WINKLE CLUB AT HASTINGS : The Duke, with other members of the club, holds up his winkle, as proof of membership. This honour was bestowed on the Duke of Norfolk, who is Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, after he had launched an appeal for £30,000 to help save historic buildings in Old Hastings. The Winkle Club, an old association, was founded by fishermen and has now been thrown open to the whole town. It is a social and charitable institution.

On right—

A NEW FAST PATROL BOAT FOR THE ROYAL NAVY : H.M.S. *Dark Highwayman* slides down the slipway at the Porchester yards of Vosper Ltd., her builders, after being launched by Mrs. Sylvia Sayer, the wife of Rear-Admiral Sayer, the Vice-Controller of the Navy. The boat is 71 ft. in length and has a beam of 19 ft.



THE JOINT HOLDER OF THE RAILWAY SPEED RECORD : The streamlined rear end of the fastest train in the world. *On left*—BB-9004, the French locomotive which reached a speed of 206 m.p.h. last week. It was hoped that this locomotive would have beaten the record set up on the previous day by another French locomotive, but when times and speeds were finally worked out, it was found that the two trains had reached almost exactly the same speed. They were, therefore, declared joint holders of the record. The speed runs were held on a stretch of line south of Bordeaux, and both trains had special track-holding equipment. The passengers reported that no extraordinary experiences were encountered, but said that telegraph poles became invisible. The weak point on both trains was the electricity pick-up, which began to melt once maximum speed had been reached.

THE COURT ROOM OF GUILDFORD GUILDHALL, WHERE RENOVATION WORK IS NOW COMPLETE : This view of the sixteenth-century room is taken from the Bench, above which hangs the sixteenth-century Sword of State. During the course of the renovation of the walls and floor of the Court Room four coats of paint were removed from the panelling before the original woodwork of the sixteenth-century period was revealed. The Court room and many of the articles contained in it are of great historical interest.

FACING THE BENCH : In the window at the far end are three panels of heraldic glass. Two are of the seventeenth century and display the arms of Guildford and of Anne, Consort of James I. The third window, of much earlier date, carries the arms of Elizabeth I.

ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURES OF GUILDFORD'S HIGH STREET : The front of the Guildhall, with its balcony and projecting Aylward clock, which is dated 1683. On the first floor is the Council Chamber, where the Town Council met until 1930. Repairs to the Guildhall's Court Room have now been completed.

REPAIRS TO GUILDFORD'S 16TH-CENTURY COURT ROOM

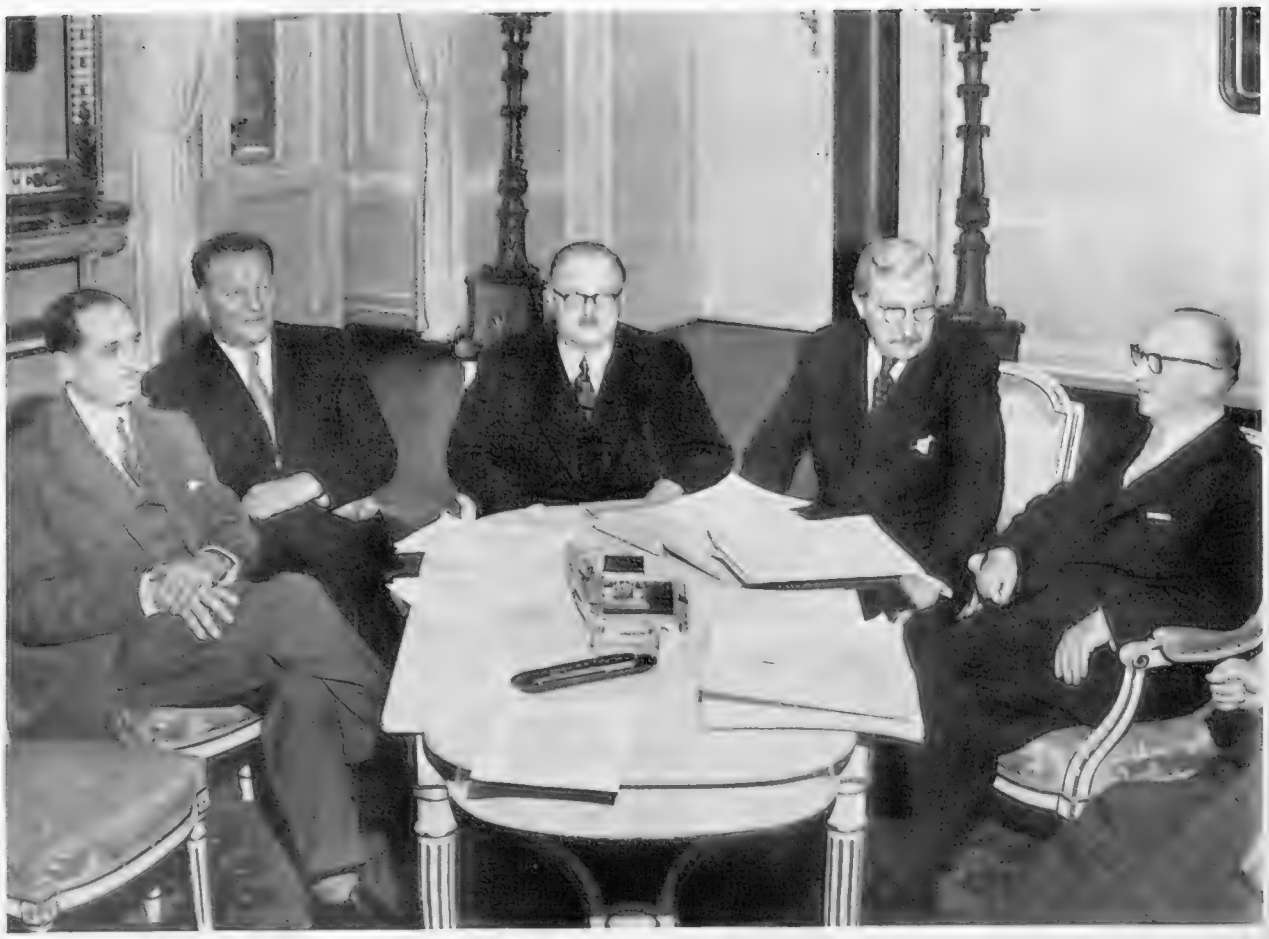
The Renovation of the Walls and Floor of the Court Room in the Guildhall is Now Complete

ELIZABETHAN TREASURES : At the top are four bronze measures presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1602. Centre, are two Elizabethan copper vessels, and, below, another bronze measure.

THE GUILDHALL CHAMBER : To-day it is used as a third court, if required, and for civic meetings. The mantelpiece, in sculptured chalk, is reputed to have been carved in the fourteenth century. The portrait, by John Russell, is of Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Onslow receiving the Dutch flag after breaking the enemy lines in 1797. During Princess Margaret's visit on Sunday, April 17, she will take tea in the Chamber and meet the Council in the Court Room.

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

People who Caught the Limelight in Austria, Yugoslavia, and at Home



On right—
THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR CONSULTS HIS AMBASSADORS BEFORE GOING TO MOSCOW : Herr Julius Raab, centre, with Austria's Ambassadors in the leading capitals of the world, at the Federal Chancellery in Vienna. They are, from left, Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, who came from London ; Dr. Karl Gruber, from Washington ; Herr Norbert Bischoff, from Moscow ; and Herr Vollgruber, from Paris. Herr Raab had called his Ambassadors to Vienna to consult them on the invitation he had received from Mr. Molotov to come to Moscow and discuss an Austrian peace treaty. As a result of his talks, Herr Raab decided to leave Vienna for Moscow at the beginning of next week. He will be accompanied by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Schärf, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Figl, and the Foreign Under-Secretary, Dr. Kreisky. Mr. Molotov had indicated that he was prepared to discuss the signing of an Austrian peace treaty, provided that the Soviet Union could receive specific guarantees from the Austrian Government. These were that there should be no possibility of another Anschluss with Germany, and that Austria would never participate in a military alliance against Russia or allow foreign bases to be established on her territory, thus neutralizing the country.

GENERAL GRUENTHER IN LONDON : The Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, General Alfred M. Gruenther, shakes hands with the American Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, when they attended a luncheon given by the National Union of Manufacturers. While in London, General Gruenther spoke about the state of N.A.T.O. defences. He said that the science of war had progressed so far that one could no longer talk of winning a war, only of defeating an enemy.

AN EGYPTIAN VISITOR FOR MARSHAL TITO : The Yugoslav President, centre, with Wing-Commander Hassan Ibrahim, left, Egyptian Minister of Industrial Production, and, right, Mr. Husein Ruzsdi, the Egyptian Minister at Belgrade. Marshal Tito was entertaining his guests on Brioni Island. Wing-Commander Ibrahim had been visiting industrial centres in Yugoslavia with Dr. Hassan Marei, Egyptian Minister of Commerce.

On left—
AN AGRICULTURAL CEREMONY AT YORK : Sir James Turner, President of the National Farmers' Union, and the Lord Mayor of York, Alderman Frank Wright, performing an unusual opening ceremony. By removing sheaves of wheat from the entrance, they opened the Agricultural Gallery in the Castle Museum.

On right—
GERMANY'S CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES BIDS FAREWELL TO ENGLAND : Dr. Hans Schlange-Schöningen and his wife are seen leaving their London home for Buckingham Palace. There the Queen received the Head of the German Diplomatic Mission in England before his departure for home. Dr. Schlange-Schöningen, who has been Chargé d'Affaires in London since 1950, will be succeeded by Herr von Herwarth.

War and Peace in the Holy Land

The Attack on the Israeli Wedding Party in the Negev; The Opening of a New Road to Holy Places in Galilee

THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK BY EGYPTIAN RAIDERS: An Israeli officer points with his stick to the spot where one of the grenades is alleged to have been thrown by a raiding party from Egypt. Among those looking on is an observer of the United Nations Mixed Armistice Commission. It is said that the grenades were thrown at a wedding party in the village of Patish, 12½ miles inside the Israeli border. A girl was killed and nineteen other wedding guests were wounded.

AN AMBULANCE WAS ON THE SPOT: One of the wounded is taken to the ambulance on a stretcher. At the extreme right, wearing a skull cap, is the bridegroom, whose wedding party was reported to have been attacked. News of the raid in the Negev was given by the Israeli Government shortly before the United Nations formally condemned Israel for the skirmish at Gaza, when thirty-nine Egyptian soldiers were killed. The United Nations Security Council reacted to this latest border incident by unanimously calling on both Israel and Egypt to co-operate with the Canadian Chairman of the United Nations Mixed Armistice Commission. The unequivocal terms in which Israel was condemned for the Gaza attack, and the firm tone of the latest resolution, may make both sides realise that the United Nations is prepared to take active steps towards maintaining peace.

ON THE MOUNT OF THE BEATITUDES: The church which stands on what is traditionally the hill on which the Sermon of the Mount was delivered. It overlooks the Sea of Galilee, and is one of the Holy Places, which are now more accessible as a result of the opening of a new road on the northern shore of the lake.

A LOOK AT BIBLICAL GALILEE: The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, accompanied by priests and by the Israeli Minister of Trade and Industry, looks at the landscape from the Mount of the Beatitudes.

THE LATIN PATRIARCH ARRIVES IN NAZARETH: Monsignor Alberto Gori makes his way to the Church of St. Joseph for the service which celebrated the Feast of the Annunciation.

THE NEW ROAD IS OPENED: The ceremony is being performed by the Latin Patriarch. Looking on, at left, are Monsignor Antonio Vergani, the Patriarchal Vicar of Galilee, and Dr. Peretz Bernstein, Israeli Minister for Trade and Industry. The new road also leads to Capernaum.

THE FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS

On left—

A bright spring sun shone o marching troops and excite crowds during the great para which was held in Athens t celebrate the 134th anniversary the beginning of the Greek War Independence. Detachments of th Army, Navy and Air Force marche past the Tomb of the Unknow Warrior, where the King took th salute. Anti-aircraft batteries, ra and wireless cars, and tanks move through the streets of the capita to demonstrate the armed streng of the country. Earlier the Kin with Queen Frederika, Crown Prin Constantine and Princesses Ire and Sophie, drove to the Cathedra where a Thanksgiving Service wa sung by Archbishop Spyridon. I was ironic that the anniversary of the beginning of the war i which Byron made such a signific contribution should be marked b the now customary anti-British ra in favour of Enosis.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN ATHENS: King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, with their children, drive in an open car to the Cathedral in Athens, where they attended a Thanksgiving Service on Independence Day.

On left—

ATHENS STUDENTS CELEBRATE IN THEIR OWN WAY : A strong police force battling with students who were marching towards British property and turning Independence Day celebrations into a demonstration for Enosis.

PANAMA'S EX-PRESIDENT CONVICTED AS AN ACCESSOR Wearing a white suit, Señor Jose Ramon Guizado between two policemen in the National Assembly Panama, where he was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for complicity in the assassination of Presid Antonio Remon last January. Señor Guizado, who ceeded President Remon and ruled for eleven days, was by the fifty-three deputies of the National Assembly sitting a Court. Their deliberations were kept secret, not even Assembly's secretariat being admitted. To ensure this secr the later sessions were held in the Supreme Court Cham

THE LONDON AND PARIS AGREEMENTS ARE RATIFIED IN PARIS : M. Edgar Faure, the French Prime Minister, addressing the Council of the Republic during the debate on the ratification of the Agreements which permit German rearmament. Immediately in front of M. Faure is his Foreign Minister, M. Antoine Pinay. The Council of the Republic gave its unconditional approval to the Agreements after an all-night sitting. The last obstacle to European unity was removed after eloquent appeals from M. Faure, who obtained surprisingly large majorities on each of the votes. The ratification was welcomed in Germany, London, and Washington ; it is thought to reopen the way to high-level talks among the four Powers, possibly in the summer.

AN OIL AFFAIR IN LISBON : Three of the relatives of the fabu oil millionaire Calouste Gulbenkian seen at Lisbon Airp From left are his daughter, Mrs. Essayan, his son, Nubar Gulbenkian, and his son-in-law, Mr. Essayan. party was waiting at the airport to welcome a group o magnates from London. Calouste Gulbenkian, who has la been reported seriously ill, will be eighty-six next w

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE OPENING OF THE MALTESE PARLIAMENT : The Royal car, escorted by Maltese mounted police, driving to the Governor's Palace in Valetta down the town's main thoroughfare, Kingsway. All along the route the Duke of Edinburgh was acclaimed by cheering crowds. At the Palace the Duke attended the opening of the new session of the Maltese Parliament, and heard the Governor, Sir Robert Laycock, read the speech from the Throne. This announced that the newly-elected Labour Government would take active steps in the next few months to prepare Malta's case that the island should, like Northern Ireland, come under Home Office jurisdiction and return Members of Parliament to Westminster.

On left—

NEPAL'S NEW KING IS CROWNED: King Mahendra at the simple Coronation held in Katmandu, Nepal's capital.

ITALY'S PRIME MINISTER IN THE UNITED STATES : Signor Mario Scelba, right, shaking hands with the American Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, on his arrival at the airport in Washington from Canada. Looking on are Vice-President Richard Nixon and his wife. Signor Scelba was accompanied by his Foreign Minister, Signor Gaetano Martino, on a twelve-day goodwill visit to the United States. In their talks with President Eisenhower and political leaders in Washington the two Italian statesmen put forward their pleas for disarmament talks with Russia.

THE CITIZENS OF ROME HONOUR THE MEMORY OF THE VICTIMS OF A WARTIME MASSACRE : Part of the large crowd which attended a Mass held at the Ardeatine Caves just outside Rome, near the Porta San Giovanni, on the eleventh anniversary of the notorious massacre there. At left is the huge monument to the memory of the 320 Italians who, with their hands tied behind their backs, had been herded by the Germans into the caves and shot. This was a reprisal for the death of thirty-two German soldiers who were killed when a bomb exploded while they were marching through Rome after Italy had surrendered. Fifty of the hostages who were massacred in the Ardeatine Caves were supplied to the German authorities by Pietro Caruso, Rome's Chief of Police. For his part in this and other atrocities, Caruso was sentenced to death and executed after a trial in September 1945 which caused rioting and lynching.

SAN FRANCISCO'S ANSWER TO THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM—THE GREAT ROAD NETWORK ABOVE THE CITY NEARS COMPLETION : An aerial view of part of San Francisco, showing the elevated sections of Freeway, now known as the Skyway, which is over two miles long in all. The newest section of the overhead road, which is to link with Bay Bridge in the distance, is due for completion in July. The distant skyscrapers mark the site of the city's financial district. A similar overhead highway has been suggested for London.

REPAIRING SOUTHWARK BRIDGE

Replacing the Temporary Structure Erected at the Northern Approach After Bomb Damage in 1941

On right—

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NORTHERN APPROACH TO SOUTHWARK BRIDGE : Work in progress on the section which was extensively damaged by bombs in May 1941. For nearly fourteen years the gap was spanned by two temporary bridges, one 100 ft. long and the other 60 ft. Both were made with Callender-Hamilton unit construction bridges produced by British Insulated Callender's Construction Company. They were removed last autumn, as the present reconstruction work was put in hand, and were still in a suitable condition for reconstruction elsewhere. When the temporary structure was put in position alongside a remnant of the bridge, the gradient of the approach was raised and the roadway assumed the appearance of a hump. This will be lowered when the reconstruction is complete, so that the bridge resumes its former appearance. The work, which is being carried out for the Corporation of the City of London, is expected to be finished by about October. Its cost will be in the region of £75,000.

TWO OF THE PARTLY-FINISHED REINFORCED CONCRETE SUPPORTS FOR THE NEW SECTION : They stand a few feet in front of the abutments of the old bridge, which are to be demolished.

SINGLE-LINE TRAFFIC IS ALLOWED ACROSS THE BRIDGE DURING THE REPAIRS : *Left*—This view, looking down on the northern approach to the bridge, shows the actual site of the present work alongside a bombed site. The "hump" in the roadway is very evident. *Right*—While a bus passes overhead, workmen demolish the arches of the old bridge. Southwark Bridge was first built by John Rennie from 1813-19, and rebuilt from 1912-21. Nearby is Cannon Street Railway Bridge.

Fitting a New Mid-section

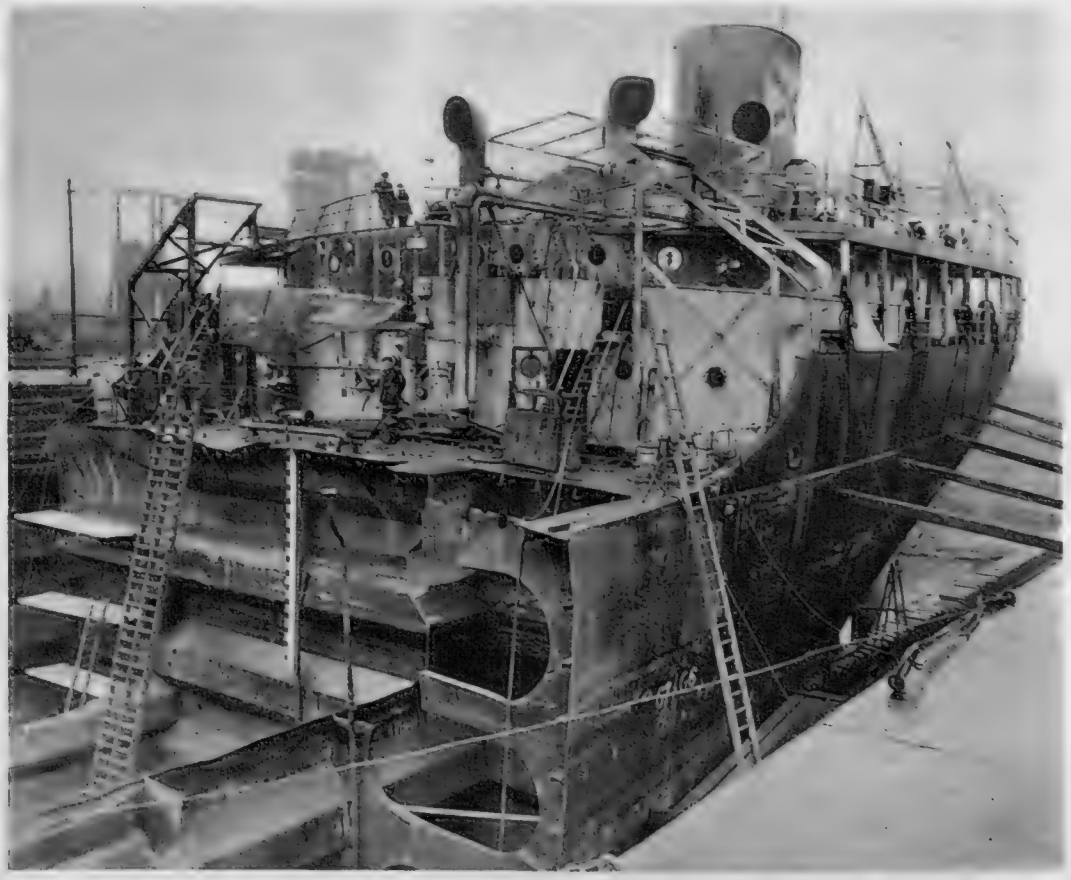
A Norwegian Tanker Undergoes Extensive Repair and Rebuilding at Liverpool

A NORWEGIAN TANKER IS FITTED WITH A NEW MID-SECTION : The tanker, *Olav Ringdal Jr.*, is seen in Harland and Wolff's shipyard at Liverpool, where her mid-section, which was seriously blasted in an explosion, is being rebuilt and refitted. In this picture, dockyard workers are erecting the catwalk which will stretch from the forepart of the ship to the aft section to facilitate the rebuilding.

A CLOSE-UP OF THE REAR SECTION : At the bottom of this picture, the new keel plate can be seen. Being lowered by crane is a staging upright which will be used to support the new part.

Before the war, ships which had broken in two and which had been repaired were a rarity but now, owing to the tremendous strides made by engineers of recent years, this is no longer the case. Many ships are even built and launched in two separate parts and then assembled. The Norwegian tanker *Olav Ringdal Jr.* exploded during tank-cleaning operations at Swansea last November, and her mid-section was almost completely destroyed. This section was cut away by salvage workers at Swansea and then the two separate parts, the fore section and the aft section, were towed to Liverpool to the yards of Harland and Wolff. There then followed the most difficult part of the repair operation—lining the two parts up in dry-dock. The forward part was towed in first and then flooded to prevent floating out of position. The aft part was manœuvred into position 150 ft. behind the forepart, and the water let out of the dock. Once the two parts were correctly aligned, the repair work proper began. The first stage in the operation is laying new keel plates to replace those destroyed. The new plates are welded to existing ones in the fore and aft sections. On the keel plates the new 150-ft. section is to be built, a task which is expected to take some five months.

THE FOREPART OF THE "OLAV RINGDAL JR." : The ship has been placed in dry-dock while her new mid-section is fitted.



THE REAR SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE NORWEGIAN TANKER : This picture shows very clearly the extent of damage received from the explosion, which occurred while the tanker was in Swansea Dock last year.

ONE OF THE LATEST TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL TRUST: Tintinhull House, near Yeovil, in Somerset, was built in the seventeenth century. It came only recently into the possession of the National Trust, which this year is celebrating its sixtieth birthday. Three people founded the Trust as a private undertaking in 1895. But since 1907 it has had statutory powers from Parliament in its work of preserving Britain's heritage.

SIXTY YEARS OF THE NATIONAL TRUST

Like So Many British Institutions it Began in a Humble Manner. To-day it Owns National Treasures from Open Spaces and Great Houses to Historic Cottages and Barns

By JAMES LEES-MILNE

THE FIRST BUILDING TO BE ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: The Clergy House at Alfriston, Sussex, was bought in 1896 for £10. It is a parish priest's house of the fourteenth century.

THE year 1895 is as far from 1955 as the late Tudor age was remote from the late Victorian. In that year the great old Queen was still ruling, if not autocratically, at any rate wisely, in accordance with the popular notions of British sovereignty that had been inculcated upon her Georgian youth. The England of Queen Victoria's reign had not greatly changed since the days of her grandfather, George III, into which she was born.

Sixty years ago Parliaments were very largely composed of a class whose interests were predominantly territorial. The most disturbing form of locomotion was then the railway train running obediently on its isolated and well-defined track. Roads were what we would term lanes, usually with grass growing down the middle of them, along which dog carts rumbled and bicycles were the latest and swiftest vehicles. Villages and small market towns plunged abruptly from high street into country. The landscape was still the legacy of the eighteenth century, an uninterrupted pattern of parklands punctuated by stately mansions and trim manor houses. Ribbon development, aerodromes, power-stations, pylons, and all the familiar "improvements" of modern life were unknown.

But the old order was on the verge of great changes. Three far-seeing individuals were aware of them. They determined to preserve some part at least of the old England and Wales which their contemporaries were still taking for granted.

Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley were the founders of the National Trust. Far from being reactionary, the three friends were considered distinctly progressive in outlook and aim. Miss Hill was a well-known devotee of housing reform whose pioneer work was supported by Hunter, solicitor to the General Post Office, and Rawnsley, an ardent lover of the Lake District, where he was a parson. The motive which united them in their new venture was a desire to check the haphazard sprawl of the industrial towns and to provide green open spaces as much for the recreational as spiritual well-being of their inhabitants. That is why the work of the Trust in early decades was devoted almost entirely to open land rather than ancient buildings, which after the First World War remained comparatively safe from by the march of progress.

Like so many great British institutions, the National Trust began in a humble manner—none of its founders was well-to-do or particularly influential—and struggled for many years with the minimum of recognition and assistance. Until 1907, when by virtue of a series of Acts of Parliament gave it statutory powers, the Trust was a private enterprise, relying upon a few public-spirited supporters to give properties and even to administer them when acquired. Many of these gifts came from personal friends of the founders, often at great personal sacrifice.

The very first property was the gift in 1895 of 4½ acres of cliff-land on the outskirts of Barmouth, overlooking Cardigan Bay. In the face of threats from speculative builders, appeals were organized and subscriptions by the small Executive Committee set up in London, and funds often raised just in time to save open spaces in the Midlands, downs in Kent and Sussex, stretches of coast in Devon, Cornwall and Pembrokeshire, and the shores of the northern lakes, where Canon Rawnsley in particular fought like a tiger against the threat of destruction. Until the last war this piecemeal method of saving land where and how it could be done constituted the greater part of the Trust's efforts.

Often, indeed, the Trust failed (as it sometimes does to-day) to raise the funds needed to purchase desirable properties or to endow them if offered as

LAND IS AS MUCH THE CONCERN OF THE NATIONAL TRUST AS ARCHITECTURE: The preservation of the open countryside and some of the finest views and panoramas in Britain is to its credit. This picture is of the Harewood Estate at Outwood, a Trust property in Surrey. In the distance are the North Downs.

For the Trust's properties all have to be self-supporting in one way or another. It receives no regular grant from the State and depends entirely upon the charity of its subscribers and benefactors. This is a factor not always realised by the public.

Nevertheless, the Trust's achievements in these fields have not proved inconsiderable. Nor are its open spaces without variety. The heath and woodland at Kinver Edge, between Stourbridge and Kidderminster, may not rank with the most spectacular scenery, but to the industrial inhabitants of these two Midland towns its preservation is of vital consequence. Newtimber Hill likewise helps check the encroachment of Brighton's satellites upon the Sussex downland. The prevention of villadom on, say, the noble promontories of Bolt Head, Pentire Head and fourteen miles of St. Bride's Bay, will make most lovers of coastal scenery deplore that so much has already fallen to the irresponsible depredations of speculators and Service departments. Lastly, the vast acreage amassed by the Trust in the Peak District, in Dovedale and the Manifold Valley, in Exmoor and, above all, in the Lake District (where it owns over 32,000 acres and protects by restrictive covenants another 15,000), has undoubtedly moved Parliament to designate these areas National Parks.

In spite of the fact that since the last war more damage has been inflicted upon the face of the English country than ever before, the Trust's acquisition of large open spaces is declining. The reason is that its pioneering efforts have at last stirred the conscience of Parliament to endow the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, and County and Urban Councils with wider powers of preserving beautiful land than ever the National Trust enjoyed. It is now up to these bodies to exercise the superior advantages with which they are blessed.

Nevertheless, the Trust's labours in other fields have by no means abated. To-day it may seldom have to seek means to purchase large tracts of land; but it still has to maintain those scattered lands it already possesses and which continue to be given it by individuals who prefer them to be in the Trust's ownership than the State's. On the other hand, its efforts are chiefly devoted to saving historic buildings, whose needs become more pressing every year. Above all, the larger country houses, with the estates that often enshrine them, claim the Trust's primary attentions.

I sometimes wonder how far Miss Octavia Hill and her friends foresaw the actual trends of the Trust's work, especially its paramount concern with the large country houses, which in the eighteen-nineties must have seemed eternally secure. Their plight has, as everyone knows, been precipitated by two world wars, tremendous taxation and a complete reversal of the old social order. Some idea of the swiftness of the change may be ascertained by the knowledge that twenty years ago the Trust owned only two buildings within this category, namely the early Tudor Barrington Court and Elizabethan Montacute, both in Somerset. To-day it owns nearly 100, besides numerous houses of lesser size, and whole villages like West Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and Lacock, in Wiltshire, individual cottages, barns, dovecotes, even bridges, follies, temples and shrines of different descriptions.

To take the last, somewhat controversial category first, the Trust can already claim quite a wide selection of the haunts of famous men. Some of these do not necessarily qualify as buildings of architectural merit, notwithstanding their historic interest. Of such are the red brick villa at Ayot St. Lawrence in which Bernard Shaw resided for his last forty years; the minute cottage, Clouds Hill, near Bovington Camp, which Lawrence of Arabia transformed to suit his peculiarly exclusive and ascetic temperament; or the plain little street house at Nether Stowey, where Coleridge composed the "Ancient Mariner" and was interrupted in the dream of Kubla Khan by the importunate visitor from Porlock.

On the other hand, the early sixteenth-century Quebec House at Westerham, where General Wolfe spent his formative years, Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, where the formidable sage and his querulous but gifted wife released their dyspepsia into floods of prose, and the Jacobean Batemans, where Kipling created *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, would be worth preserving architecturally, apart from their influence upon the minds of their eminent inhabitants.

Incidentally, it sometimes happens that historic associations combine with natural beauty as well as with architectural importance. Thus the Trust holds areas of land that come within this category—in Quay Meadow, at Bosham, whence Harold set sail in 1064 for Normandy; Dora's Field, at Rydal, where Wordsworth recorded the immortal daffodils; or the cliff at Mullion where stood the primitive transmitting station from which in 1901 the first morse message was sent across the Atlantic.

In referring to the Trust's buildings of architectural merit one is confronted with the problem of deciding when architecture begins and when it ends. For instance, is Stonehenge architecture? The Trust does not actually possess these famous stones, but it owns over 1,400 acres of downland around them. It owns those of Avebury, however, unrivalled in size and importance among the megalithic monuments of Europe. It owns Chedworth Villa, off the Fosseway, the foundations of an exceptionally fine Roman country house of the second century A.D., complete with mosaic pavements, granaries and baths. The Middle Ages are represented by Norman work (in the Chantry Chapel at Buckingham, and the hall and solar of Old Soar Manor, near Ightham), ecclesiastical Gothic (in the Carthusian ruins of Mount Grace Priory, Yorkshire), and military and domestic architecture (in the stern wall of Powis Castle and the moated manor house of Great Chalfield, near Melksham).

These are only some of the Trust's earlier works of architecture. Of a transitional building period between the medieval and classical Little Moreton Hall, Cheshire, and Speke Hall, near Liverpool, are two romantic specimens. They belong to the "black-and-white" style, less popular to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago; nevertheless, a style not to be despised on account of its unsophisticated ingenuity. Little Moreton Hall toppling over its moat looks more like some natural orchard growth than the work of men's hands. Of all the great houses of England it is the most truly vernacular.

(Concluded on page 62)

BLICKLING HALL, IN NORFOLK: It was acquired in 1940, with most of its very valuable contents, under the will of the 11th Marquess of Lothian. The house was built of red brick between 1619 and 1624 for Sir Henry Hobart, one of whose descendants late in the eighteenth century married the 6th Marquess of Lothian. Alterations were carried out to the Jacobean original in the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Orangery and Temple were built in the gardens. The State rooms contain family furniture, pictures and tapestries and the great gallery has an elaborate Jacobean plaster ceiling. The large park has magnificent trees and an artificial lake in crescent formation.

On right—

ONE OF THE LARGEST PRIVATE HOUSES IN ENGLAND: The Outer Wicket of Knole, in Kent. The house was begun in the fifteenth century and greatly extended in the early seventeenth century by Thomas Sackville, to whom it had been granted by Queen Elizabeth I. It has a unique and priceless collection of art treasures. The house was given to the National Trust nine years ago.

ONE OF THE FINEST GARDENS IN BRITAIN: The National Trust has established a special department to administer famous gardens. From the splendours of the herbaceous borders of Bodnant, in Denbighshire, one looks over the River Conway to Snowdonia.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE COUNTRY HOUSE: Wightwick Manor, near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, was built at the end of the last century, and is a monument to the influence on the period of William Morris and the Pre-Raphaelites. The neo-Tudor exterior is in a style which does not find wide approval to-day. But a house such as this is certainly worth preserving as an example of the architecture and as a reflection of the æsthetic taste of the late-Victorian age.

SIXTY YEARS of the NATIONAL TRUST

(continued)

TWO EXAMPLES OF THE VARIED RICHNESS OF THE ELIZABETHAN HERITAGE: *On left*—Montacute House, in Somerset, proclaims the grandeur of the date of its foundation, 1588, the year of the Armada. *On right*—"Black and White" Little Moreton Hall, in Cheshire, toppling over its moat, looks more like some natural orchard growth than the work of men's hands. Of all England's great houses, it is the most truly vernacular.

SECURITY COMBINE... Ages archi... great hall ...

THE INTERIOR OF WIGHTWICK MANOR: The influence of the Brotherhood is as marked inside as outside the house. The hall, seen here, is one of the many rooms which holds a fine collection of Pre-Raphaelite works of art. It includes pictures by Burne-Jones and Rossetti. Cupboards were designed by Morris. Wightwick Manor was given to the Trust in 1937.

OMFORT IN THE BUILDINGS OF THE MIDDLE AGES: Great Chalfield Manor, between Melksham and Bradford-on-Avon, in Wiltshire, is a reminder that to the end of the Middle ombined military with domestic purposes. A moat surrounds the house, which is a fine example of late Gothic domestic architecture. It was built about 1480. Inside, there is a n and a contemporary mural painting of the builder. The National Trust preserves properties covering the whole of British history from Stonehenge to the nineteenth century.

HOMES OF THE FAMOUS: The National Trust has acquired a number of the houses in which great men and women have lived. *On left*—Smallhythe Place, Tenterden, Kent, was the home of Dame Ellen Terry from 1903 to her death in 1928. It is now a memorial museum to the great actress. The half-timbered building, dating from 1480, is worth preserving in itself. *On right*—Bateman's and its surroundings, at Burwash, in Sussex, were immortalised by its owner, Rudyard Kipling, in *Puck of Pook's Hill*.

A MANSION IN KENT WHICH IS PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH: Quebec House, Westerham, was the birthplace in 1727 of James Wolfe, victor of the battle which assured Canada to the Empire.

GENERAL WOLFE'S FIELD CANTEEN: It is one of the many relics in Quebec House of the great general who was killed in the moment of his triumph on the Heights of Abraham, in Canada. As one absorbs the quiet atmosphere of the home in which he spent his early years one can believe that he preferred poetry to military prowess.

SIXTY YEARS OF THE NATIONAL TRUST

On right—

DISRAELI'S HUGHENDEN: The great Prime Minister bought the Manor in 1847, shortly before he was elected to Parliament for the County of Buckingham, in which it stands. He rebuilt it and lived there until his death in 1881. The interior remains much as he left it. The gardens were the special pride of Lady Beaconsfield.

(*Concluded from page 59*)

Henceforward, the repertory of Renaissance buildings, from Elizabethan down to Victorian times, becomes richer and more varied. Almost every period, every style and type is now represented among the Trust's holdings, not through selection but by accident, since the Trust merely accepts what is offered, provided it is a worthy and financially sound proposition. Size has absolutely no bearing upon importance. Thus its houses range from Jacobean Knole, more like a walled fortress city than a country house, the ducal Ham, with its Charles II contents from Mortlake tapestries to silver tongs and pokers, and Petworth, a palace set in a park of commensurate scale, to Tintinhull Manor, a small squire's home in Somerset, and Townend Troutbeck, a remarkably unaltered yeoman's dwelling in Westmorland.

These houses date from the seventeenth century, but the eighteenth is no less prolific. Hanbury Hall, near Droitwich, a red brick country version of Hampton Court, was built for the Vernons in the first year of Queen Anne's reign; Palladian Lyme Park mostly dates from George I's reign; Nostell Priory and Osterley Park, complete with the decoration and furniture Robert Adam designed for them, date from the 1760's and 1770's; Arlington Court, North Devon, a severe neo-Greek box, belongs to George IV's reign.

Finally, the mid-nineteenth century is represented by Hughenden, the home of Disraeli, where the statesman's furniture, pictures and knick-knacks remain as he left them, and Wightwick Manor, near Wolverhampton, built by a follower of the Pre-Raphaelite tradition, where wallpapers and cupboards were designed by Morris, stained-glass windows made by Kempe, and pictures painted by Rossetti and Burne Jones. The majority of these houses are still partly inhabited by the families of their donors. All of them are available to visitors at stated times of the week.

If the social history of Great Britain can best and most agreeably be traced by chronologically planned visits to a selection of her country houses, yet another aspect of it lies in her gardens. Within recent years the Trust has set up a special department to administer famous gardens with or without important houses attached to them.

The prim and measured parterres and pavilions of Montacute reflect the trained, puritanical mind of the Jacobean attorney who created them. The long, straight, intersecting vistas at Blickling proclaim the underlying propriety of a Whig grandee's taste in Queen Anne's reign. The sinuous contours of the lakes adorned with idyllic temples at Stourhead coincide with the mid-Georgian venture beyond formality into a purer naturalism. Edwardian ease and prosperity is detected in the lavish spread of the arboreta and herbaceous splendours of Bodnant.

And as a product of our own transitional twentieth century, what could be a happier augury of future taste than the enchanting garden, a mixture of formal plan and undisciplined profusion, albeit on a modest and manageable scale, at Hidcote, near Chipping Campden

WORDSWORTH'S BIRTHPLACE: The poet first looked on the world from these windows in Main Street, in Cockermouth, Cumberland. The house was acquired by the National Trust in 1938, as a result of a public appeal.

A GREAT ESTATE BY THE THAMES: The inscription below the roof of Cliveden House records that it was built by Sir Charles Barry in 1851. The gardens are remarkable for their flower borders and wooded walks.

A REGENCY VILLA IN SURREY: Polesden Lacy was designed by Thomas Cubitt in 1818, and rose on the site of a Carolean house which had been the residence of Sheridan. It was bequeathed to the Trust under the will of Mrs. Ronald Greville, who gave with it a magnificent art collection.

THE STERN WALLS OF A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE: Medieval Powis Castle, in Montgomeryshire, Wales, has been inhabited without interruption for 700 years. Its windows look down on terraced gardens laid out in the early eighteenth century, which were later modified by "Capability" Brown. Inside the house are paintings, and early Georgian furniture. Like several other properties of the National Trust, Powis combines in itself the British heritage from different periods, and in different styles.

APRIL—MONTH OF THE CUCKOO

The Arrival of the Cuckoo is Constant but Unpunctual. The Bird is Heard More Often than Seen. The Time for the First Hearing is Usually During the Middle of the Month.

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"SUMER IS ICUMEN IN" sang an anonymous, and, as we would think nowadays, exceptionally optimistic, poet of the thirteenth century. And the basis for his dogmatic statement was apparently no more than that he had heard the cuckoo:

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cucu.

Well, we still hear the cuckoo every April, but we have all long given up believing that the double note necessarily heralds summer. Personally, I have been waiting for summer for rather more than eighteen months now.

But it may well be that that early poet of ours was not an optimist, who was merely hoping for the best. It may well be that the weather was different and the seasons more certain, in his day. There can, I think, be little doubt that there have been marked changes in the weather of the northern hemisphere in historic times. Sir Francis Drake, on his great voyage round the world, encountered bitterly cold weather. Ropes froze and became coated with ice and could scarcely be moved by three men together. His singularly tough sailors could not face this climate and he had to turn back to the south. Yet he was only about 100 miles to the north of San Francisco, in mid-June.

Weather like that in mid-June and only 100 miles to the north of San Francisco would be unthinkable to-day: it would banish even the Communists from the headlines in the American Press. And if you read the *Paston Letters*, and some of the earlier diarists, carefully, you cannot but come to the conclusion that there was a time in Britain when the winters were regularly much more severe than they are to-day, and the summers regularly much drier and a good deal warmer, and infinitely more punctual.

Now only the cuckoo remains constant. Constant, but unpunctual. I begin to listen for him towards the end of the first week in April. But there have been years when I have not heard him until the last week. I suppose that the end of the second week in the month can be taken as the usual time for the first hearing.

There are, of course, reports of cuckoos being heard in March every year. It is a good rule to regard all such reports with the gravest suspicion. March cuckoos are usually small boys with a sense of humour. (By the same token it is wise to ignore all cuckoos reported on April 1.) I had this distrust of the March cuckoo firmly drummed into me when I joined the staff of *The Field*. My predecessor as editor of that journal, the late Eric Parker, would have no truck with March cuckoos, and when I joined his staff as naturalist he was at pains to tell me so. April cuckoos were all right—he was even prepared to accept, albeit grudgingly, an April 1 cuckoo—but all March cuckoos were errand boys.

All the same there are a few well-authenticated records of March cuckoos in Britain. And I have seen one myself. I have told the story before, but it will, I think, bear repeating, for it teaches a lesson. Shortly after I had succeeded Eric Parker, I received a letter, dated March 23, from a retired naval officer living in Wiltshire, informing me that he had on that day seen, but not heard, a cuckoo. I wrote back, very politely, saying that March cuckoos were most uncommon, and could it perhaps have been a sparrow-hawk?

That letter of mine crossed a postcard from him, telling me that he had heard the cuckoo. And to that postcard I replied, very politely, saying that this was most interesting, but was he quite sure that it was not an errand boy? That letter of mine crossed a parcel from him. The parcel contained a cuckoo, undeniably a cuckoo, and a cuckoo, moreover, shot at such short range that it could only be described as murdered. There was also a postcard in the parcel. It bore one short sentence: "Sparrow-hawk be . . ."

I think in fact (but, of course, I do not know) that cuckoos may arrive in this country some days before they start to call. Some years ago, when I was living in Winchester, I saw a cuckoo at very close range on April 3. I saw him every day thereafter for some weeks, but I did not, in that year, hear a cuckoo call until April 12. This cuckoo on April 3 was having a bath in a big bird-bath (a Cotswold stone trough) just outside the drawing-room window. It was the first year that the trough had been set up, and it proved astonishingly popular with the larger birds. I have seen jays and magpies using it, and it was used every year by cuckoos—always in the early morning.

The gardener we had at that time, a very old Hampshire countryman of the old school, firmly believed that a cuckoo became a cuckoo only when it began to "cuckoo," and that until then it was a hawk. A good many country people still believe this—that the cuckoo changes into a hawk for the winter—and I dare say that the old belief in the hibernation of the cuckoo is not yet altogether dead. Thomas Carew, in the early seventeenth century, in his poem *May Day*, wrote:

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender, gives a second birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.

Gilbert White, who was a very good naturalist, more than half believed to the end of his life in the hibernation of the swallow, and he lived a century and a half after Carew. Certainly many country people, who did not accept the theory that the cuckoo became a hawk for the winter, firmly believed that it hibernated. It used to be said that the cuckoo woke up on Wareham Fair day and "bought his whistle." Bosworth Smith, who was a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, records that the changing of the date of Wareham Fair brought about a considerable change in the habits of the cuckoo, and may be regarded as being responsible for the bird's present unpunctuality. Charles Bingham, a great authority on Dorset dialect, asked his gardener: "Well, John, have you heard the cuckoo yet?" "Gucku?" replied John. "No. An' we do never know now when we shall 'ear 'un." "Why 's that?" asked Bingham. "Why, they did use to wake up on Wareham Fair day, but now they do wake when they be minded."

Nowadays, of course, though the old beliefs may linger on here and there, we know a great deal about the cuckoo. We do not know it all by any means. There is still plenty of room for speculation, and there are some modern speculations quite as entertaining as those popular in Gilbert White's day. But enough is known to kill interest in the bird for a large number of people. It would be idle to pretend that the cuckoo is a popular bird, as the robin is, for example. Many people listen eagerly for its call—probably every countryman in England does—even though they have learnt from bitter experience that it does not necessarily mean that summer is just around the corner. But they do not like the cuckoo. This is because of its habits, which are not those of Englishmen of the best stamp, and are, therefore, frowned upon.

A MEADOW PIPIT FEEDING A YOUNG CUCKOO: This is the most popular foster-parent chosen by a female cuckoo when she lays her eggs. Other foster-parents include the hedge-sparrow and the pied wagtail.

Photographs by Eric Hosking.

THE NEWLY-HATCHED CUCKOO GOES TO WAR: Although still featherless he is able to eject the eggs from the nest in order to make more room for himself.

The cuckoo, as everyone knows, is parasitic upon other, smaller, birds. It lays its eggs in the nests of these birds, just one egg in each nest, and that is the end of its parental responsibility. Since the hen cuckoo only lays an egg every forty-eight hours, and probably lays only about a dozen (if as many) in a season, since she has no worries about bringing up the young, no worries about nest-building, she must lead a pretty carefree life. The male cuckoo's life must be one long holiday. Most reprehensible, of course.

But it is too often forgotten that the cuckoo has shown great, almost incredible, ingenuity over a very long period to attain this (human considerations apart) very enviable position.

Here is a bird, about the size of a kestrel, which lays an egg about half the size of that of a song thrush. That it seems to me is really quite remarkable in itself, though nobody ever seems to remark on it.

The cuckoo is a bird which has learnt the art of ejecting its egg into apparently inaccessible nests. (The egg is always laid: it is not inserted, as is still widely believed, into the nest by means of the beak. Cuckoos seen flying with an egg in the beak are not carrying their own eggs, they have been indulging in a little robbery.)

There is a prevalent idea that the female cuckoo is devoid of all maternal instincts, and just gets rid of her egg without a single twinge of the motherly conscience. Far from it: down the years the cuckoo has learnt which of the small British birds are good foster-parents; has been at great pains to select birds with a pronounced maternal instinct, and this surely proves that the female cuckoo is thoughtful about the welfare of her young. It is true that more than fifty British birds have been recorded as foster-parents of cuckoos, but generally speaking the cuckoo's attentions are confined to six species—the meadow pipit, the hedge sparrow, the robin, the pied wagtail, the reed warbler and the sedge warbler.

The first is by far the commonest. The others are, for the most part, accidental fosterers: chosen, perhaps, by cuckoos of a low I.Q., perhaps because there did not happen to be a suitable nest available at the critical moment.

I believe myself that this select list of good foster-parents is maintained because each female cuckoo parasitizes the foster in whose nest she was hatched. Thus, I believe, that a cuckoo hatched in a meadow pipit's nest (a meadow-pipit-cuckoo) will, when grown up, select a meadow pipit's nest for her egg in preference to any other, a robin-cuckoo a robin's nest, and so on. This is, of course, theory only, but I believe it to be a sound theory.

Everyone knows what happens after the young cuckoo is hatched: how the young bird, featherless and sightless and still too weak to stand up, manages to wriggle under the other occupants of the nest, and one by one to heave them out. Everyone knows how these evicted young birds, plainly visible just outside the nest, are ignored by their parents and allowed to die. Everyone knows the selfless devotion with which the foster-parents tend their monstrous foster-child, wearing themselves to shadows feeding a baby twice as large as themselves. This is surely proof positive of the wisdom and forethought of the female cuckoo. But not everyone, I think, realises what a truly remarkable bird the young cuckoo is.

The cuckoo, reared by a meadow pipit, is fed as a young meadow pipit would be. In each case, the foster-parent feeds the foster-child exactly as she would her own chick. There is no alteration in the menu for this giant in the home. The young cuckoo, therefore, grows up, and is brought up, in just the same way as would the normal chicks of the foster-parents. It has never known its own parents, and it must, surely, if it is capable of any thought (and cuckoos, it seems to me, are very thoughtful birds), think of itself as a meadow pipit or a hedge sparrow or a pied wagtail or whatever.

It continues to do so for many weeks. It continues so after its parents have left England altogether, for adult cuckoos begin to leave early in July. What is it that, sometime in late summer, makes the young cuckoo realise that it is not, after all, an over-grown meadow pipit but a cuckoo? The realisation means a change of diet, among other things. It starts to eat hairy caterpillars (which all the usual fosterers avoid and grasshoppers and beetles, and its digestion does not apparently rebel. And then one day, at the end of August or early in September, it knows that, as a true-born cuckoo, it should not be in England at all and flies off to central or South Africa—not mark you, in company; not with a parent to lead the way; but by itself. It is a most remarkable and wonderful thing.

It is such a remarkable and wonderful thing that one really cannot blame many sound common-sense English countrymen for prefering to believe that the bird passes the winter asleep in some hollow tree or that it changes into a hawk (it has quite a hawk-like appearance) for the colder months.

I cannot say that I really like cuckoos, for I do not see enough of them. One hears cuckoos more often than one sees them. I cannot really say that I admire cuckoos; any more than I admire millionaires (who have also learnt the major secret of success in a harsh world, which is to make someone else do the hard work). But I am tremendously intrigued by the cuckoo, and I wish I knew how it all started.

The New Punjab

The Indian Prime Minister Visits the Great Bhakra Dam at Nangal, and the New State Capital, Chandigarh, Designed by Le Corbusier

On left—

Mr. Nehru went to East Punjab last month to show that his interest in the great Bhakra-Nangal dam did not come to an end when he opened it last July. As he said in a speech on the site of the project, by the banks of the River Sutlej, the dam is to be regarded as a training school for India's industrial future. Mr. Nehru saw the progress that had been made in the construction of what will be the second highest dam in the world, 700 ft. against the Boulder Dam's 726 ft. It is planned that the first concrete will be poured into the foundations of the dam in November; concreting will then continue at a rate of 400 tons an hour, over a period of four years. The dam is due to be completed by 1960.

Considerable controversy surrounds this project, which is part of an enormous canal network to irrigate 6,000,000 acres of India. With the diversion of the River Sutlej to supply this network, more than 6 per cent. of the cultivated area of East Pakistan is threatened with a loss of irrigation, and the Pakistan Government has protested vigorously against this.

"A BYWORD FOR POWER AND PROSPERITY": That is how Mr. Nehru described the Bhakra Dam, on the River Sutlej, the site of which is seen here. The Indian Premier made this remark when he visited this controversial project in the Punjab, some eight miles from Nangal.

On right—

THE NEW PUNJAB HIGH COURT IN THE "DREAM CITY" OF CHANDIGARH: The new High Court building, with its umbrella roof, seen on the day it was opened by Mr. Nehru. It is only one of several buildings of unusual and modern design in the City of Chandigarh, 150 miles from Delhi. The city is being built to replace Lahore as capital of the Punjab, and most of the designs are in the hands of the French architect, M. Le Corbusier. When completed, Chandigarh will cover fifteen square miles, laid out in thirty sectors, each of which will be completely self-contained. One of the chief objects of M. Le Corbusier's designs is to counteract extremes of temperature.

A PLEA FOR QUICKER JUSTICE: The view from the top of the new High Court building at Chandigarh of the opening ceremony performed by Mr. Nehru. The Indian Prime Minister made a plea for cheap, speedy and simple justice.

THE LUTYENS OF THE PUNJAB—LE CORBUSIER'S MODERN DESIGNS FOR THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE PUNJAB: *On left* a guard of honour stands outside the college building in Chandigarh. *On right* is the new Punjab capital's State guest house, in which Mr. Nehru stayed during his visit to the city. M. Le Corbusier, who was assisted by the London architect, Mr. Maxwell Fry, is responsible for the entire design of the new city, in much the same way as Sir Edwin Lutyens built New Delhi.

THE LAND OF VOLCANIC CRATERS AND GEOTHERMAL ENERGY : The typical landscape of Iceland, which may bring a new prosperity to the country. Among the dark volcanic fissures are geysers gushing with the natural hot water which is already furnishing most of the homes on the island with cheap central heating.

IN THE INTERIOR OF ICELAND : This part of the country is a mountain plateau f 2,400 ft. to 2,700 ft. above sea-level. It abounds in enormous glaciers, lava fi volcanoes, hot springs, waterfalls, and other relics of volcanic and glacial act

A POWER POTENTIAL : Two of more than 800 geysers in action all over the coun None has yet been harnessed to give power to industry. It is estimated tha produce 24,000 gallons of water an hour, with a temperature of 72 to 200 deg.

ICELAND'S HOT SPRINGS

A Great Source of Geothermal Energy which is Potentially Available for Use as Electric Power and for the Production of Heavy Water

THE term "geyser," meaning a hot spring from which water gushes in a fountain-like column, is derived from the Icelandic, for it is in Iceland that the earliest and best-known thermal areas are located. Like New Zealand, another country rich in this natural source of hot water, Iceland is a volcanic region, the water being eruptions from long-buried lava beds. Unlike New Zealand, however, Iceland is a country with only negligible industrial activity, and fishing accounts for over 90 per cent. of her exports.

It is, therefore, not surprising that plans for the industrial development of geothermal energy are not so far advanced, and that while in New Zealand the Wairakei project for harnessing that power to provide electricity and heavy water is now under way, Iceland's geothermal resources are still applied mainly to domestic and light agricultural uses. Nevertheless, the potential of Iceland's natural hot waters is so great that it may only be a matter of time before they are developed in such a way as to bring a new prosperity to the young republic.

Because of the natural scarcity of fuel in this Arctic country some use of the hot springs in the thermal areas has been made from the very earliest times. It is known that the water in a small area outside what is now the capital, Reykjavik, was used for laundering. In the country, too, the farming population quickly caught on to the idea of using the hot water to heat their homes, and for many years now farming communities in most parts of Iceland have enjoyed central heating. It is not a costly installation : it is just a matter of letting the hot water rise through inundated radiator intakes.

What individual farmers have done for themselves in a small way has been applied on a much bigger scale in Reykjavik. The system of hot-water reticulation now in use was conceived in 1928 when the capital's Water Board suggested that the very springs traditionally used for the city's laundering should be investigated as a source of central heating. This large subterranean basin of geothermal energy lies at Mosfellsveit, just under ten miles to the east of the capital, and after a small scheme was started along the lines proposed by the Water Board, a much more ambitious project was embarked upon by the authorities in 1934.

The natural flow of the hot waters at Mosfellsveit is about 1,320 gallons a minute, and this is augmented by boring operations which, at the same time, also increase the average temperature of the water from 176 deg. Fah. to over 188. The diameter of the holes, as in New Zealand, range from 4 to 8 ins., and the total of sixty-three borings cover an area of less than 160 acres. The wells are between 450 ft. and 1,200 ft. deep. Water is piped to insulated holding tanks, from which pumps deliver it through two pipes to the main holding tanks above the city. From these tanks there is gravity feed to the consumers, with booster pumps brought into action when the load is heavy. Altogether it is estimated that 5,000 gallons of hot water can be p into 5,000 homes every hour. A remarkable this operation is that the water loses very c temperature on its way from the Central Heating to the consumer. If it leaves the plant at 185 deg it still averages around 170 in the radiator at

Central heating is by no means the only use to the geothermal energy around Reykjavik is being a For a long time good use of this natural heat made for hot-houses, in which every variety of flower and fruit (even bananas) are grown all the round. The cost of this source of cheap heat is e to be 10 per cent. less than that of hot water pr oil heating.

The chances of developing Iceland's resources to great industrial uses must be co The natural potential, much of it as yet untap tremendous, for Iceland is a country full of beds and hot springs and geysers, not known to and far from any communities, abound. Finan project similar to New Zealand's is one of the pro facing the Icelandic President, who is known personally very keen on the idea of developing thermal energy for industrial purposes. The capital of installing the Reykjavik central heating sy given as £1,000,000. The Wairakei project is likel cost £6,000,000, more than Iceland's average a income from American Aid and loans from the W Bank put together.

It must be remembered that geothermal energy vides a cheap form of heat for producing heavy w and that there will be considerable demands for water in the years to come, when nuclear power st become established in Britain and elsewhere. It s therefore, that Iceland's hot springs and their dra ment provide a useful and attractive form of inves

BOIL FOR FOUR MINUTES : Two girls on an outing in the country find that boiling their eggs presents no problem. They merely place the eggs in one of the many pools of boiling water found in the Icelandic countryside.

THE BLEAK BEAUTY OF THE ICELANDIC PLATEAU : Iceland, as can be seen, is not a fertile country. Apart from the climate and the very short summer, the volcanic ashes which have fallen on soil covered with lava make farming impossible on the plateaus and at sea-level. Fishing is therefore the basic industry.

On left—
ON HORSEBACK AT THE HOT SPRINGS : Geysers are seen gushing hot water in one of the many thermal areas of Iceland. In the country the main form of transport is still by horse ; there are few roads and no railway.

On right—
THE OLDEST USE OF NATURAL HOT WATER : Public washing is an ancient custom in Iceland. From the earliest times, housewives have taken their laundry to the nearest hot-water well. This one is equipped with facilities which make the work easier.

OT-HOUSES ARE BUILT : Commercial use of natural hot water is made in glasshouses, where grapes, bananas, and other fruits, besides vegetables and flowers, are grown throughout the year.

NEW SPRINGS APPEAR OVERNIGHT : In the volcanic hot spring areas of Iceland nothing remains constant. The ground shifts steadily, and new hot springs may appear overnight. It is partly because of the changing nature of the hot springs that geothermal energy has not yet been properly harnessed.

THEATRE AND FILM

A New Play Starts its Provincial Tour; Drama Students Show their Talents; Schoolboys in "The Tempest"; Bette Davis Makes History in Hollywood

A NEW PLAY WHICH IT IS HOPED LONDON WILL EVENTUALLY SEE: Elizabeth Sellars and Nigel Patrick in *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker*. This is a comedy of life in America in the '90's, by Liam O'Brien. It started its provincial tour in Birmingham last week.

London should be seeing early in the summer a new comedy which is at present touring the provinces. According to reports from Birmingham and Bournemouth, where it has already been presented, *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* should certainly prove popular in the West End. The play, by Liam O'Brien, deals with American family life in Wilmington, Delaware, in 1890. Nigel Patrick and Elizabeth Sellars are Mr. and Mrs. Pennypacker, the parents of seven children who are brought up according to the strict conventions of the time. But Mr. Pennypacker turns out to be a bigamist.

The other main part is played by Hugh Wakefield (Grandfather Pennypacker) and the cast also includes Helena Pickard, Jocelyn James, Noel Iliff and John Forrest. The comedy is presented by Donald Albery, who was also responsible for *The Living Room* and *I am a Camera*.

MOTHER OF SEVEN: Elizabeth Sellars, as Mrs. Pennypacker, follows the custom of the period in inspecting her seven children's hands before food. Her husband, Mr. Pennypacker (Nigel Patrick), who is an alleged bigamist, watches with interest. Hugh Wakefield also has a leading part in this comedy, which is at Bournemouth this week. It will be seen at Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Blackpool and Nottingham before coming to London.

SCHOOLBOYS PREPARE FOR A THEATRICAL TOUR: Bluecoats of Christ's Hospital watch some of their schoolfellows rehearsing for *The Tempest*. From left to right are M. E. Hewitt (Caliban), E. R. Hiller (Miranda), R. J. C. Shuttleworth (Prospero) and A. W. Miller (Stephano). The boys are taking the play on a tour of Sussex. They are being seen at Horsham, Uckfield, East Grinstead and Bexhill. Profits will be given to Church activities.

STAGE STARS OF TO-MORROW: John Stride (on extreme right) plays the title part in scenes from *Richard II* during the annual Public Matinee of the students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, at the Haymarket Theatre in London. Mr. Stride was awarded the Academy's Silver Medal for this performance. The programme also included scenes from Pirandello's *Right You Are If You Think So*, Somerset Maugham's *Caroline* and Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*. For his performance as Lincoln, Bryan Pringle received the Bancroft Gold Medal, the highest prize of the Academy.

MISS BETTE DAVIS AS QUEEN ELIZABETH I: The American actress is playing the great Tudor Queen in a film being made in Hollywood about Sir Walter Raleigh. Miss Davis has to appear as an elderly Elizabeth. Students of sixteenth-century history will doubtless look forward to this film with interest.

Nagasaki Interlude

The Sadler's Wells Company Dance at the Royal Opera House in the Première of "Madame Chrysanthème"

Frederick Ashton's third new ballet this year had its first performance at Covent Garden last week. The plot is freely adapted from the story by Pierre Loti of the adventures of French sailors in Japan. *Madame Chrysanthème* was published in 1887. For the ballet, music has been written by Alan Rawsthorne, and scenery and costumes are designed by Isabel Lambert.

There are five scenes. In the first, two French sailors come ashore in Nagasaki. They are met by a species of local tout, M. Kangarou, who promises them "temporary wives." For this purpose they go to the "House of the Indescribable Butterflies." There one of the sailors, Pierre, falls genuinely in love with Madame Chrysanthème and pays a considerable sum to marry her. In the next two scenes the wedding ceremony and a lavish wedding party take place. Finally it is dawn and Pierre is recalled to his ship. He parts sadly from his bride and gives her a bouquet of her favourite flowers, chrysanthemums. He promises to come back for one brief final farewell. But when he does so, he discovers his wife showing that her real interests are very material, for she is avidly counting the money he paid for her. So Pierre departs disillusioned.

THE NEW SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: *Madame Chrysanthème*, based on the story by Pierre Loti, is set in Japan. In this scene with the Corps de Ballet, three principals are at the centre left—Elaine Fifield (Madame Chrysanthème), Alexander Grant (Pierre, the sailor) with Ray Powell (M. Kangarou) behind them.

On left—
THE NAVY COMES ASHORE: Two sailors, Pierre, on the left, and Yves (Alexander Doyle), from a French warship, arrive by Japanese transport in Nagasaki. They are in search of "temporary wives."

On right—
WEST AND EAST MEET: Pierre expresses love for the beautiful Madame Chrysanthème. They are married, but then Pierre is recalled to his ship. They take a fond farewell, but the sailor finds his wife is really interested only in money.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS: *Above*—A moment in one of the intricate sword dances which are part of the ballet. *On right*—Pierre offers money for the hand of Madame Chrysanthème. From the left are M. Kangarou, the tout who acts as middleman in this transaction, M. Très-Propre (Franklin White), Madame Chrysanthème, Pierre and Madame Chrysanthème's mother, Madame Renoncule (Elizabeth Kennedy). Choreography is by Frederick Ashton, music by Alan Rawsthorne; and last week the conductor was Robert Irvine.

SHEEP MOVE AWAY FROM THE MIDLAND FLOODS : These sheep, with their a... have taken refuge on high ground near the River Avon at Bredon in Wo... shire. The swollen condition of the river, caused by heavy rain, can... be seen. Many rivers in the Midlands were in a state of flood, ... and the Teme, a tributary. At Kidderminster, large carpet facto... action, and 600 workers were temporarily unemployed. A bus ... board was trapped on the Ham Bridge at Knightswick, Worcs. It ... before one of many rescue attempts was successful. Shipping, too, ... high waters prevented vessels passing under bridges on the Riv...

On left—

THE FLOODS REACHED THE HEART OF WORCESTER : The waters of the Se... seen swirling round the bus station. The river was nearly 15 ft. above ...

The Home News in Pictures

FROM SIX ENGLISH COUNTIES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY

On left—

IDLE DOCKYARDS AT MANC... The dockyard scene dur... strike last week. Mersey... similarly affected. The stri... held up work on some time... was brought about when dock... had to re-register as they are ... to do twice a year. R... men have left the Trans... General Workers Union to ... rival National Amalgamated ... and Dockers, and members ... latter union were responsible ... strike. When applying for ... registration books, they alle... because they could not show ... were fully paid up member... T. and G.W.U., they were ... books. Later, the district secret... T. and G.W.U. denied this ... On the second day of the strik... announced that books would b... to members of both unions, a... returned to work on the th...

THE MAYOR OF STALINGRAD ARRIVES : Mr. Sergei Shapurov (right) is greeted at London Airport by the Lord Mayor of Coventry, Alderman J. Fennell (left), and Mrs. Fennell (centre). A delegation from Stalingrad was on its way to spend a fortnight in Coventry. On reaching Coventry Mr. Shapurov said he believed their trip would "strengthen the struggle of both cities for the banning of the hydrogen bomb and the atomic bomb in order to avoid such horrors and destruction as were experienced by Coventry and Stalingrad during the last war."

HE APPROACH TO GUILDFORD CATHEDRAL : This view is from the roof of the partly-completed Cathedral. Work is now starting on the nave. To mark this, Princess Margaret is attending a special service at the Cathedral on April 17.

THE QUEEN MOTHER OPENS A NEW SCHOOL : Queen Elizabeth during her tour of the Girls' High School at Hitchin, Herts, which she opened last week. She is talking with two girls in the Domestic Science class.

On left—

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NAVE AT GUILDFORD : This aerial view shows the design of the part of the Cathedral which can now be built because an appeal for £175,000 has met with success. The nave will join the already existing transepts, tower and choir. When Princess Margaret comes here on Sunday week, the walls of the nave should be 2 or 3 ft. high. Guildford Cathedral, cruciform in plan, was designed by Sir Edward Maufe. Building began in 1936.

ESTORATION IN YORK—REPAIR WORK ON TWO WELL-KNOWN BUILDINGS : *Above*—Cumberland House, which occupies a prominent position on the banks of the Ouse, is being repaired with the help of a government grant. This building is believed to be one of the earliest Georgian houses in York, and was built by William Cornwall, Sheriff of York in 1700 and Lord Mayor of the City in 1712 and 1725. *On right*—The west front of York Minster, partly hidden by scaffolding while repairs are carried out. Stonemasons are busily at work restoring the ravages of time and weather. This work has been in progress several years. Inside, more restorations must be carried out, as much of the woodwork has been attacked by beetles.

IN THE "TOP ROOM" OF LONDON AIRPORT'S NEW CONTROL TOWER: The operator here is looking through a ground radar installation which keeps him informed of the movements of aircraft on all runways, even when visibility is bad. The new control tower comes into service this month.

THE NERVE-CENTRE OF A GREAT AIRPORT: Another view inside the penthou on top of the control tower. The electrical units seen on the left of th picture are designed so that if one part fails, it will not affect other

Inside a Modern Airport

Two of the New Buildings at London Airport which Come Into Operation this Month

Speed and efficiency is the hallmark of modern air travel, and this motto seems to have been adopted by the designers of the new buildings at London Airport. In every respect the buildings are designed so that passengers can go through all the formalities connected with air travel in the minimum of time and the maximum of comfort. The new control tower, although not directly connected with passenger handling, will, through its excellent central position and the most modern electronic aids, ensure that lines are punctual.

The Passenger Handling Building, on the other hand, does cater directly for the traveller and, to a smaller extent, for the general public. For the passengers, there are ten separate channels, which pass from the air side to the land side of the building. These can be worked in both directions. A passenger arriving by coach from the town terminus is put down on the land side, and passes through the appropriate channel to his aircraft. Except in the Customs Hall, baggage is carried on conveyer-belts. In all, three types of passengers are catered for: those travelling from Great Britain to a foreign country; those merely passing through, en route for another country; and those travelling on internal routes. Although the accent has been on efficiency, there will still be the inevitable hold-ups through bad weather, but the many amenities contained in the Passenger Handling Building should alleviate annoyance at delay, to a considerable degree.

CONTEMPORARY LUXURY FOR AIR TRAVELLERS: This is the waiting-room inside th new Passenger Handling Building, which is due to come into use this month. Th building will be used by all passengers travelling on European services. Eleve British and European air lines will have offices in the Passenger Handling Buildin

THE AIR SIDE GALLERY: This promenade extends the full length of the passenger building. It leads to the ramps running down to the aircraft loading apron, and will also form a link with the South-East Apex Building when this is completed.

THE BUFFET LOUNGE ON THE SECOND FLOOR: This and the restaurant next to it ca only for passengers. Near by, on the same floor, there is another restaurant wh spectators and other visitors will be able to obtain meals and refreshmen

THE MAIN CONCOURSE, WHICH IS THE HEART OF THE PASSENGER BUILDING : This occupies the first and second floors on the land side of the building. On the first floor are shops, airline counters and post and cable offices. There are more shops on the second-floor level.

THE CUSTOMS HALL IN THE NEW BUILDING : A Customs barrier passes through the length of the building, beyond which the non-travelling public may not pass. As with other parts of the building, the Customs Hall is designed so that formalities can be dealt with speedily.

PLEASING DESIGN, COUPLED WITH EFFICIENCY IN OPERATION : This is the Immigration Hall, which runs centrally along the length of the building on the first floor near the other passenger handling sections.

A COMFORTABLE LOUNGE ON THE SECOND FLOOR : The Balcony Lounge, which is adjacent to the Buffet Lounge and Passenger Restaurant. Opening off this are several shops. The architect for buildings in the Central Area is Mr. Frederick Gibberd. The designs are approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission.

The Sphere of Travel

AROUND AND ABOUT THE BLACK FOREST

A Countryside Offering Great Appeal to those Seeking a Peaceful Holiday Amidst Mountains and Forests

By GORDON COOPER

OF all the holiday districts of Germany, none presents so beautiful and varied a landscape as the Black Forest, or Schwarzwald, to give it its German title. Small wonder, then, that it has for generations attracted large numbers of British visitors who have found peace of mind and restored health amidst its magnificent pine-woods, alpine meadows and grass-clad ridges. How very attractive, too, are its typical and unsophisticated villages, with their hospitable and simple inns; a particularly pleasant feature of these houses being the gay and colourful window-boxes. There are also, of course, the larger and fashionable centres, such as Baden-Baden, Badenweiler, Freiburg and Freudenstadt, all of which are admirable of their kind, yet lacking that vital essential needed for those seeking to discover the "genius" of the Black Forest: a disregard of time.

To get anything like a proper appreciation of this countryside one must walk, or, better still, ramble. I prefer the word "ramble," for it infers that you do not have to adhere to a time-table. It also expresses something unrestrained, haphazard, something altogether unbound by laws and miles. It means, too, that when the spirit moves you, you can rest among the pine trees, or stop and study the flowers which grow in such profusion on all sides, or watch the wild deer grazing in the cool shadows, or listen to the rippling of a stream. The great thing, in fact, is not to hurry, and then you will be richly rewarded.

Having told you how, in my opinion, you can best get a true appreciation of the Black Forest, I must also give the warning that this region is not just another Switzerland. There are no white-capped mountains, no glaciers, no exciting passes; the stupendous, awe-inspiring qualities of the Alps are, in fact, wholly missing—the Black Forest is not in competition with this particular kind of scenic appeal. Here, there is a much more subtle and more delicate character in the land scape, and its appeal is to the lover of nature

For those who like this kind of holiday there are many small villages in which to make one's centre. Generally speaking, the northern portion of the Black Forest—the whole forest extends for about 100 miles from north to south, and varies in width from 14 miles at the northern end to nearly 40 miles in the south—is the most heavily wooded, while further south there is more open country. The southern part has perhaps the finest scenery; it is also dominated by the Feldberg (4,898 ft.).

At the risk of being criticised by knowledgeable readers, I would recommend in the northern area the various small villages which lie along the Black Forest Highway (Schwarzwald-Hochstrasse) which links Baden-Baden with Freudenstadt. There are pleasant hotels, for instance, at Plättig, Sand, Hundseck, Unterstmatt, Ruhestein, Wiedensfelsen and Kniebis. In all cases, the altitude is around 3,000 ft. above sea-level and there are countless opportunities for walks in the forest. I might even express a personal predilection for the hotel at Sand, whence you are within easy reach of the valley of the Murg, perhaps the loveliest of all the valleys in the Black Forest, and for Unterstmatt, with the near-by Hornisgrinde, the highest point in the northern portion of the Black Forest and from whose summit there is a superb view.

In the central region, the Gutach Valley is delightful, and it is here that you still find many old customs surviving and traditional dress worn on Sundays by the women. The village of Gutach (a typical old inn is the Linde) is especially noted for its hats: enormous straw-brimmed affairs carrying balloon-like pompons—red for the unmarried girls, black for the matrons. I was especially fortunate, too, in being in St. Georgen recently during a wedding ceremony. The bridesmaids wore amazing headgear which resembled something off a Christmas-tree. The hat was a foot high, another foot in width, and it was embellished with gilt, tinsel and glass balls. The bride had an even more fantastic creation, with flowers and blown-glass fruit added to what must have been a weighty edifice. The men, however, stuck to drab, formal dress, consisting of black frock-coats and silk top-hats.

Lastly, in this necessarily brief survey of the walking areas in the Black Forest, I bring you to the Hotzenwald, in the far south, which is still little-known; but I like it—very much indeed. For here there are deep valleys and high hills, from whose ridges you get wonderful views. Among the pleasant centres at which to stay I would recommend Herrischried, Strittmatt, and Görwihl, all having simple but also delightful inn accommodation. Near by, on the Upper Rhine, are Waldshut and Säckingen, both attractive towns which retain a medieval aspect.

A VILLAGE SPECIALLY NOTED FOR ITS HATS: A corner of Gutach, in the Gutach Valley, showing the Linde, a typical inn in the Black Forest. In his article, Gordon Cooper comments on the hats worn by the women on Sundays.

Not everyone, of course, may want to stay in small villages, and for such people there are a number of resorts, some of them being spas. The largest and most fashionable of these spas is Baden-Baden, and it is one of the few places left in Europe where you find real elegance. Its Brenners Park Hotel is one of the outstanding establishments in Germany, and although it cannot now produce its one-time galaxy of Russian Grand Dukes, you will still find many famous people staying there. Then there is the elaborate Conversazionhaus, which houses the Casino and where you can also enjoy a variety of first-class entertainments. There is sport of every kind, including a beautifully-situated eighteen-hole golf-course; and there are the hot springs in the Friedrichs-Bad, which make even the healthy feel fitter still. And surely there is no more delectable urban promenade in Europe than the Lichtentaler Allee, which follows the tiny River Oos. It is edged with patriarchal trees and is bordered with flower-beds. No one, I feel, is ever likely to be bored in Baden-Baden.

Not far from Baden-Baden, in the Black Forest countryside, is the Hotel Bühlerhöhe, a first-class establishment, from which you get lovely views.

Freudenstadt ("town of joy"), likewise a spa, is one of the best centres in the Black Forest for a holiday. I lodged there in the Hotel Waldeck, and was well satisfied. The town was completely destroyed in the war, but has been rebuilt in a most delightful style. As an example of post-war architecture it is not excelled elsewhere in Germany. It is well supplied with excursion facilities. The air is exhilarating, and you get lots of sunshine.

Triberg, another popular resort, lies in the heart of the Black Forest. It spreads over three different valleys and is sheltered by three high mountains. Its great "sight" is its waterfall, with seven distinct cascades, which on summer evenings are beautifully illuminated, so that you feel as though you were in a romantic fairyland. The family-run Parkhotel Wehrle has catered for British visitors for generations and knows just the kind of comfort we require.

Next I bring you to Freiburg-im-Breisgau, one of the most delightful and interesting cities in Germany. If you are romantically-minded, you will certainly wish to lodge there in the comfortable Hotel Zum Roten Bären, which claims to be the oldest inn in the country. The first recorded innkeeper of The Red Bear was, according to a document dated 1387, a Hanman Bienger. It is, however, believed that the inn was already in existence in 1318. From 1390 the list of proprietors continues uninterruptedly to the present day. Despite its age, the Bear is modernly equipped in its bedrooms.

Although there was considerable war damage, the cathedral in Freiburg escaped. It is one of the noblest buildings in Germany, and some critics would even place it at the head of the list—even above Cologne. Wherever you walk in the old town, the lofty spire appears above the surrounding roofs, and as you climb high on the wooded slopes outside the city, the spire stands out from an apparent forest of pinnacles crowning the roof.

Within easy reach of Freiburg are several pleasant resorts. Titisee, the best-known, and its lake, is rather disappointing, however; not because of scenic deficiencies, but for the reason that it is the goal of countless motor-coach excursions. I think that for a place in which to stay I would much rather recommend Hinterzarten, which lies in fairly open country and not far distant from the lake. The Hotel Adler is particularly pleasant.

South of Freiburg and easily reached from Basle is Badenweiler, another fashionable spa. Its Hotel Römerbad is extremely fashionable. This resort is rather enervating, so it would hardly suit an energetic person. I found it interesting, though, because its remains of Roman baths give a good idea of their original state.

In striking contrast to the fashionable life in Badenweiler is the small village of Staufen, which lies a few miles to the north. No travel agent can tell you anything about this pleasant medieval town, while guide-books usually pass it by. Yet, to me, it is the kind of place in which I could pleasantly stay for a few days. I would certainly lodge in the Gasthaus zum Löwen, reputed to be the house in which Dr. Faust died in 1539. The exterior of this inn displays an exciting fresco depicting Faust struggling with the Devil—or was it selling his soul? I slept in the room, even in the actual bed, said to have been occupied by Faust, but I did not have any strange dreams.

Adjoining the inn is the Rathaus, built in 1540, with its mullioned windows, quaint gables, a precipitous roof and a bold belfry-turret. Just outside, in the tiny square is the Marktbrunnen, a graceful sixteenth-century fountain, while not far away is the Maria brunnen (1626), both decorated in summer with gay flowers in the cheerful German way.

Further information concerning the Black Forest can be obtained from the German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

SCHLOSS GUTENFELS, WHICH DOMINATES THIS STRETCH OF THE RHINE NEAR KAUB: Late spring and summer cruises on the Rhine this year include thirteen-day trips in the M.S. *Jan Van Scorel*, whose itinerary takes her fourteen passengers on a 500-mile cruise through the Dutch waterways, the Rhine and the Moselle. Each cruise begins at Utrecht and ends at Amsterdam, but arrangements are made for passengers travelling from Britain. In September the calls at Coblenz coincide with the Rhine Wine Festival.

The Valleys of the Tyne

Exploring a Little-known Part of the North of England

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

The valleys of the Tyne, once the industrial area around Newcastle has been passed, are among the most picturesque parts of Britain. It is a peaceful, largely undeveloped part of the country, an area of hills and moors, deep valleys and attractive villages. It is the country of the Romans, for here we find many of the finest Roman remains in Britain. It is not really tourist country, yet it contains much that tourists like to see.

Above the industrial area, the Tyne is a broad and beautiful river, winding along between high hills and their beech trees. At Bywell a castle ruin nestles beside the river, close to an old bridge. Near Corbridge lie the remains of the Roman town of Corstopitum. Hexham stands a few miles above, and this is the chief town of the valley.

A mile or so above this old market town the river divides into the North Tyne and South Tyne. The south branch flows through a broad, cultivated valley with occasional bridges, as at Haydon Bridge, Haltwhistle and Featherstone Park. From Bardon Mill the best parts of Hadrian's Wall can be seen, some two or three miles to the north. A Roman camp has been excavated at Housesteads, and on either side a long stretch of the wall runs up and down on the precipitous edge of a line of cliffs.

At Featherstone Park the valley of the South Tyne turns southwards and enters the higher hills in the heart of the Pennines. The valley becomes ever deeper and the country more rugged, all the way to Alston, a picturesque market town in Cumberland. Still a sizeable river here, the South Tyne soon becomes a tumbling hill stream above Alston. It actually rises on the bare, rounded slopes of Bellbeaver Rig, on Alston Moor, with the bulk of Cross Fell looming up to the west.

The North Tyne runs up from near Hexham in a similar broad valley, with lovely hills on either side. Close to Chollerford Bridge the Roman Wall once crossed the river and considerable remains of it can be seen nearby.

The valley gradually narrows and the hills grow higher, up to the Kielder State Forest, which covers many thousands of acres and is one of the largest undertakings of the Forestry Commission. Whole new villages have been built for the forestry workers, yet this still remains a lovely, peaceful countryside, far away from built-up areas.

The road, one of the lesser ones leading into Scotland, rises gradually up into the moorlands of the border, until at Deadwater it begins to dip slightly downwards. We have crossed the border and we are in Scotland, going down to Liddesdale. The North Tyne runs under the road below Deadwater and can be followed across rough fields and heather, far up on to the slopes of Peel Fell.

This, then, is the region of the two Tyne valleys. It is a glorious, bracing, open country of hills and moors, purple with heather in the late summer, golden with bracken in autumn and extraordinarily colourful even in the depths of winter.

RELIC OF ROMAN BRITAIN IN THE VALLEY OF THE TYNE: A view of Hadrian's Wall as it appears at Housesteads, where much of it has been restored and partly rebuilt. The Roman camp at Housesteads lies on the escarpment just beyond the nearer clump of trees. It is in the valley of the Tyne that many of the finest Roman remains in Britain are to be found.

A PLEASANT ABBEY IN A QUIET MARKET TOWN: Hexham Abbey, in the centre of this important town in the Tyne Valley. The greater part of this Early English church has been restored.

THE SOURCE OF THE SOUTH TYNE: On the slopes of Bellbeaver Rig, on Alston Moor. This open moorland country is filled with the cry of the curlew on a spring day.

HERE IS STILL SOME SALMON-FISHING ON THE TYNE: Fishing for salmon beside the old bridge at Featherstone Park, on the South Tyne. A few salmon still manage to get up the Tyne, but their numbers have greatly decreased in recent years.

A MARKET TOWN IN THE PENNINES: The church steeple rises above the buildings in the centre of the small Cumberland market town of Alston. The town lies 1,000 ft. above sea-level, and is not far from the source of the South Tyne.

A SOVIET SHIP IS DAMAGED OFF NORWAY: The Russian freighter *Irtish* is aground off the Island of Hjert, outside Bodo, in Northern Norway. The vessel had been badly damaged in a collision with the German ship *Carl Julius* during a fog. The crew of the *Irtish* were saved by a rescue boat of the Norwegian Air Force. As soon as he landed, the captain is reported to have wired the Russian Embassy in Oslo for instructions.

HIGH AND DRY ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST: The Dutch coaster *Lea* (200 tons) lies on the rocky foreshore below the steep cliffs, near Whitby, in Yorkshire. The *Lea* went on the rocks while carrying cargo from Aberdeen to London. The lifeboat went out from Whitby to take off the wife of the captain and their three children. There were no casualties among the crew.

VICTIMS OF THE SEAS

Ships in Trouble in European Waters; Four Lives are Lost in an American Air Disaster off the Coast of Oregon

A SHIP BREAKS IN TWO IN A GALE: *Above*—The back is broken of the *Vila Do Porto*, a Portuguese passenger-freighter, in a tempest outside Leixos Harbour, north of Oporto, in Portugal. The freighter had gone aground, and such was the pounding of the wind and the waves that she was soon cut in half. The storms are said to have been the worst experienced in Portugal this winter. *On left*—A man is brought safely ashore in a bosun's chair from the *Vila Do Porto*.

SOME OF THE SURVIVORS REACH SAFETY: Another life raft comes into a landing-craft sent out by the *Bayfield*. After the Stratocruiser hit the water, the passengers and crew spent some time drifting on the sea before they were rescued. The dead were two of the crew and two of the passengers.

FOUR KILLED IN AN AIR-LINER CRASH INTO THE PACIFIC: Survivors from the Pan-American Stratocruiser, which plunged into the sea 35 miles off the coast of Oregon, in the Western United States, are brought by life raft to the U.S. Navy transport, *Bayfield*. The air-liner, with fifteen passengers and eight crew, was on its way from Portland, Oregon, to Honolulu and Sydney, Australia. About half-an-hour after the take-off the pilot radioed that the aircraft's No. 3 engine was wrenched from its mounting and that he had to go down. All those aboard donned lifebelts and waited for the shock when they hit the water. The Stratocruiser was carrying life rafts and most of the occupants were able to find refuge on these until help arrived. But four men were drowned. Some of the survivors were injured, and, it was reported, almost all of them were suffering from shock and the effects of exposure when they reached land. It was the first time that a Pan-American air-liner was "ditched" since the war.

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WARS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

Crecy, Poitiers, and the Pattern of the Hundred Years War; John Verney Goes to Battle; Mrs. Fermi Tells About "Atoms in the Family"

CRECY and Poitiers are two of England's greatest victories. They are so often remembered as isolated battles and not in the context of the long war of which they formed a part. At Crecy, on August 26, 1346, Edward III, advancing to prosecute his claim to the throne of France, found an unguarded ford and outwitted the French by the superior use of his numerically inferior forces. At Poitiers, ten years later, Edward the Black Prince, marching up from Guienne, found his way barred by a French army of 15,000 under King John. The English archers, skilfully placed behind hedges, met the French knights with a volley of arrows. Succeeding charges made more impression, but eventually outflanking tactics by the Black Prince won the day.

In his admirable book, THE CRECY WAR (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 30s.), Lieut.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne describes in some detail these vital engagements of the Hundred Years War, and with considerable skill he links them, tracing the course of the conflict from 1337 to the Peace of Bretigny in 1360, when John of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers, was released against a ransom of 3,000,000 gold crowns, and Edward III received Aquitaine and Ponthieu. The short peace lasted only until 1369, but as Colonel Burne shows in his erudite and eminently readable volume, this initial period of the war was for England one of unbroken success. The chief credit for the campaigns, he says, has usually been awarded to the military genius of the Black Prince, but the author claims that Edward III was a finer general than either his son or Henry V, and that less than justice has been done to him.

Edward was indeed in advance of his time as a strategist, and Colonel Burne attempts to show his great qualities as an organiser of war. He was a man of splendid audacity, as also was his son. Both commanded rugged, individualistic soldiers of differing temperaments who gave them unswerving fidelity and devotion. It is a remarkable fact that many of the captains who served Edward III so well were the sons of men who served his father, Edward II, in very different fashion. From this alone the author deduces that Edward III must have been both an attractive and a dominant personality, with a special talent for war. This is a book for the expert historian and the layman alike. It is lucid and well-reasoned, and the style is agreeably vigorous

From the overall view of a war distant in point of time and therefore clothed with little intimate detail, we turn to one man's particular view of war and of its impact upon his own life. John Verney tells us about the years 1937 to 1945 as he encountered them as an officer in Europe and the Far East. GOING TO THE WARS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a most sensitive piece of work. Here we meet a young man as he comes to terms with a life which is basically uncongenial to him. Somehow or other he makes the best of it and enjoys the adventure of it, although longing all the while to return to the wife of whom he has seen so little and the child of whom he has seen nothing.

These are cheerful, salty reminiscences, full of humour and humanity. John Verney is at his best perhaps in his description of his days of captivity in Sardinia (when he kept fit by constant bickering with his friend Amos), of his ill-timed but rather neatly contrived escape which failed, and of his final emergence in front of the British lines on the Sangro, where he strode almost unchallenged to freedom. The author is a word-painter. He leaves a great deal to the imagination, but his canvas is full of life and light and colour.

One thing is quite clear: Laura Fermi, wife of Enrico Fermi, the distinguished physicist and Nobel Prize winner who designed the first atomic pile, has not spent all her time in the kitchen. She has followed her husband's career with zest, good fellowship and understanding. In ATOMS IN THE FAMILY (Allen and Unwin. 18s.), she has set down with most lively humour the results of half-a-lifetime's observation. It was on December 2, 1942, that Fermi and his team of workers operated in a squash court under the football stands on the campus of the University of Chicago, the plant which achieved the first self-sustaining chain reaction and thereby initiated the controlled release of nuclear energy. Mrs. Fermi's book is in part the story of the work that led to that vital experiment and in part the story of her life with the gay, irresistible, head-in-air Enrico, from those first days when she met him in the meadows by the Aniene River, on the outskirts of Rome.

Mrs. Fermi treats her subject seriously enough, but her natural gaiety keeps bursting through. In 1938 King Gustav of Sweden presented the Nobel Prize to Fermi. It was the reward for years of patient research. Attentive and stiff in their tall armchairs with embossed leather backs and carved lion heads sat Enrico Fermi and Pearl Buck, two of the recipients on that great occasion. Mrs. Fermi hastens to explain that Enrico sat so rigidly only because of the expectation of a dreaded but likely mishap—that the heavily starched front of his dress-shirt might suddenly snap and thrust out in a protruding arc with an explosive sound, as it had done several times before on ceremonial occasions. The last phase of this fascinating book tells of the Fermis' life in America and of Enrico's work at the Metallurgical Laboratory in Chicago and at Los Alamos. This is an engaging book which gives us so many intimate glimpses of genius at work.

In the steps of H. V. Morton, whose Spanish travelogue has recently commanded admiring attention, James Reynolds, artist and writer, now gives an account of a summer's journey to over a hundred towns and villages in the peninsula. FABULOUS SPAIN (Robert Hale. 21s.) is an informal and engrossing survey, studded with historical anecdote and personal reminiscences; the author's own superb line drawings adorn the text. Mr. Reynolds spent a portion of his time in Majorca, and what he has to say will surely whet the appetite of those who long for a place in the sun. He goes riding on horseback from Palma to Valldemosa, lunching en route in the shade beneath the trees outside a farmhouse door. He picnics in the cool of the evening on old Puig Mayor, that mighty peak which rises like a drunken Bacchus above the Majorcan plain, or eats hot lobsters and consumes a flagon of Marqués de Riscal down by the shore of busy Palma. Wherever he goes, Mr. Reynolds takes an artist's delight in the Spanish scene. He is gay and carefree and very much at home, but at the same time he has a deep knowledge and a deep respect for Spain and her people.

THE CHAPEL OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE—THE EASTWARD VIEW, WITH THE STONEWORK CLEANED: This is a reproduction from *Portrait of Cambridge* (Batsford. 25s.), a collection of photographs taken over the past fifteen years by A. F. Kersting, F.R.P.S., whose photographic work is well known to *Sphere* readers. The colleges, the backs, the churches and the town are all included in this excellent volume. The pictures are accompanied by historical notes written by Bryan Little, and there is a Foreword by Dr. S. C. Roberts, Master of Pembroke.

"The King's England" is a travel series which, county by county, has surveyed a great part of our own country. Now, having due regard to the new reign, Mr. H. L. V. Fletcher presents "The Queen's Wales." Volume I. deals with NORTH WALES (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), including the counties of Anglesey, Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire. Mr. Fletcher points out that North Wales was once a kingdom, and is still an entity. In these pages he makes it a reality, and some really magnificent photographs add to our pleasure. This volume is in some ways like a catalogue, but it does not miss either the poetry or the drama of the land of Gwynedd, which breeds such a fierce and strictly local patriotism.

Just how well can an alien understand the attitude of mind of an African? It is often hard to tell. However, Esther Warner writes with such warmth, humour and humanity in TRIAL BY SASSWOOD (Gollancz. 15s.) that it is hard not to believe that she has travelled far along the road to knowledge in this respect. The author is the wife of a botanist on a rubber plantation in Liberia and she reveals in the course of her narrative the beliefs, the customs, and the thought processes of the native Liberians as they appear to her. Liberia is the negro republic between Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast which came into being in the last century when the movement began in the U.S.A. for the resettlement of freed slaves on their native continent.

Trial by Sasswood centres upon the problems of one young man, Comma by name. It is full of affection for the native people, and full of quiet wisdom. Perhaps, too, it is a reminder, as the author so wisely declares, that the kind of wisdom Emerson and Thoreau gave us can also be found in the folk-lore of the forests of Africa.

"Our island, discovered in 1792 by Captain Vancouver and named Vashon after his friend, Admiral James Vashon, is medium-sized as islands go, being approximately fifteen miles from shoulder to calf and five miles round the hips. It is green, the intense green of chopped parsley, plump and curvey, reposes in the icy waters of Puget Sound, runs north and south between the cities of Seattle and Tacoma, and is more or less accessible to each by ferry-boat. On the map Vashon Island looks somewhat like a peacock and somewhat like a buzzard. Which depends on the end you choose for the head and how long you have been trapped there." In this well-known bantering vein of hers Betty Macdonald tells us all about her experiences in bringing up a family in an island home. She calls it ONIONS IN THE STEW (Hammond, Hammond. 12s. 6d.), and she is in the same good form as she was in that memorable tale of a wilderness chicken farm, *The Egg and I*. One thing Mrs. Macdonald does solemnly warn, and it is this: on an island, dinner guests may still be with you seven days later or even seven weeks.

A large part of the perennial appeal of *The Saturday Book* is founded upon its generous and ingenious illustration of things that are rare and curious, sometimes valuable but always covetable. Edwin Smith, the photographer, and Olive Cook have now assembled between the covers of a single book the cream of their contributions during the past ten years to *The Saturday Book*. COLLECTORS' ITEMS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is the delightful result of their efforts. It is a permanent reminder of the fact that there has probably never been a time when man has not been plagued by the desire for acquisition. Many of the illustrations are in colour, and the items range from curious and fine glassware to mahogany bird-cages and Victorian picture postcards in the gaudiest tradition.

As far as most of us are concerned the Liberal politician, Chester Nimmo, lives and has his being and is almost as much a reality as most of the real, live politicians of this day and age. In *Prisoner of Grace* and *Except the Lord* Joyce Cary brought this man to life and placed him firmly upon the platform of British politics. We saw Nimmo's part in the political events at the start of the present century and in the First World War. Now, in NOT HONOUR MORE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), Mr. Cary completes the trilogy, and he re-creates no less brilliantly the bewildering days of the General Strike of 1926.

Mr. Harry Blamires has made at least one previous journey through purgatory, and he takes us with him again in his new book, COLD WAR IN HELL (Longmans. 10s. 6d.). The life of the damned is clearly full of interest, and it seems they have the advantage of a highly efficient propaganda machine to counter the aggressive authoritarianism of the Celestial Powers. There is something for everyone here, and the visit to one of Hell's universities and a floor show in a Hellish hotel are not to be missed. You will like Miranda, in particular; she wears Victorian costume, exaggeratedly Victorian, but it is fashioned of completely transparent nylon. Needless to say, she is very popular in Hell.

And finally this week, here are two first-rate pieces of craftsmanship for your detective fiction list: Joanna Cannan's LONG SHADOWS (Gollancz. 9s. 6d.) and Anthony Gilbert's IS SHE DEAD TOO? (Published for the Crime Club by Collins. 10s. 6d.). Joanna Cannan writes with both wit and malice, and a keen understanding of the twists and turns of human nature. Anthony Gilbert's latest effort has a truly blood-curdling climax to a macabre plot.

Richard Edmonds

A SALMON FISHERMAN'S NOTEBOOK (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.), *by Jack Hughes-Parry, is a new edition of "Fishing Fantasy," published in 1949. The book, which is well-illustrated, is divided into four parts. They are: on fishing in general: on lures in general: on lures in particular: and miscellanea.*

Another book for sportsmen is entitled GAME SHOOTING (Michael Joseph. 42s.), *by Robert Churchill. It is an illustrated textbook on the successful use of the modern shotgun.*

The Stratford Library is the title for a new series of biographies published by Hutchinson "to provide popular yet scholarly books for the general reader." The first two editions are HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, *by Rumer Godden, and* ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *by Andre Maurois. Each volume costs 8s. 6d.*

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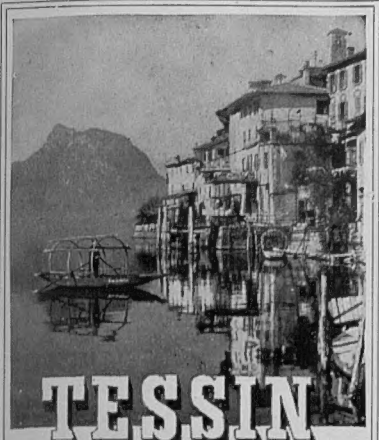

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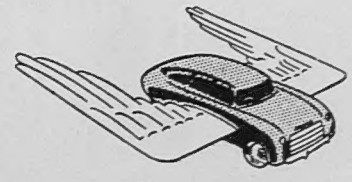

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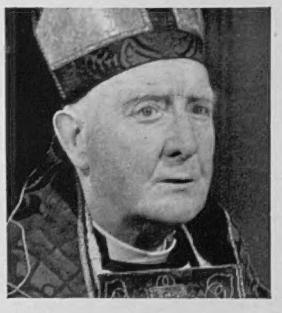

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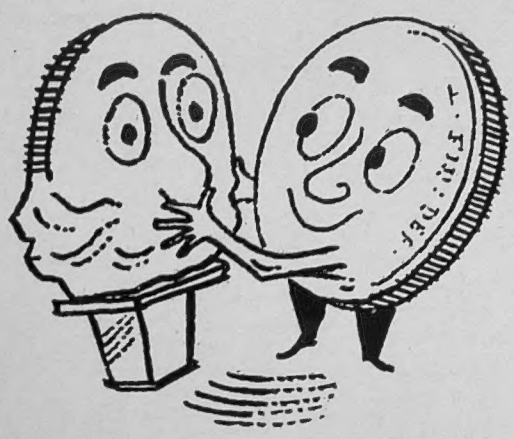

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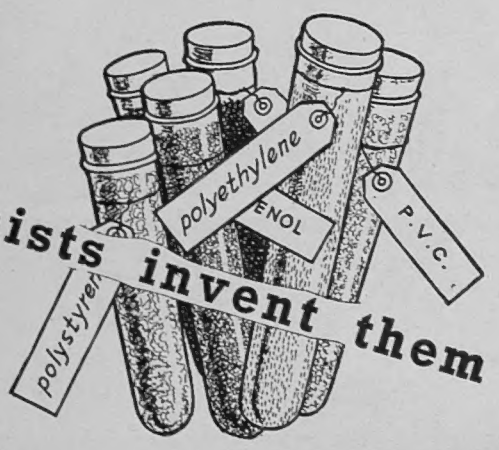

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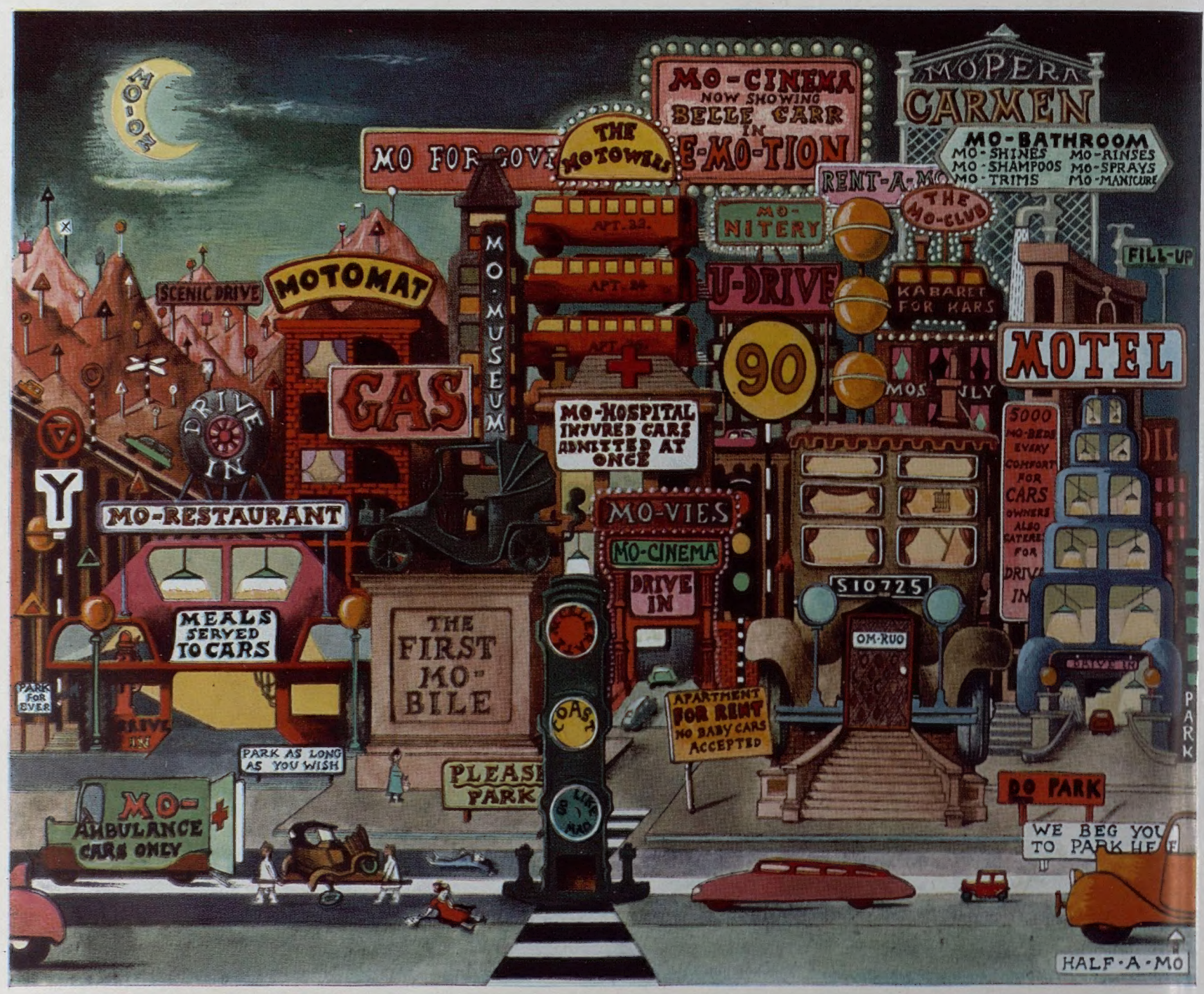

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the motocracy

Written by Stephen Potter and drawn by Loudon Sainthill

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Saturday, April 9, 1955. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.